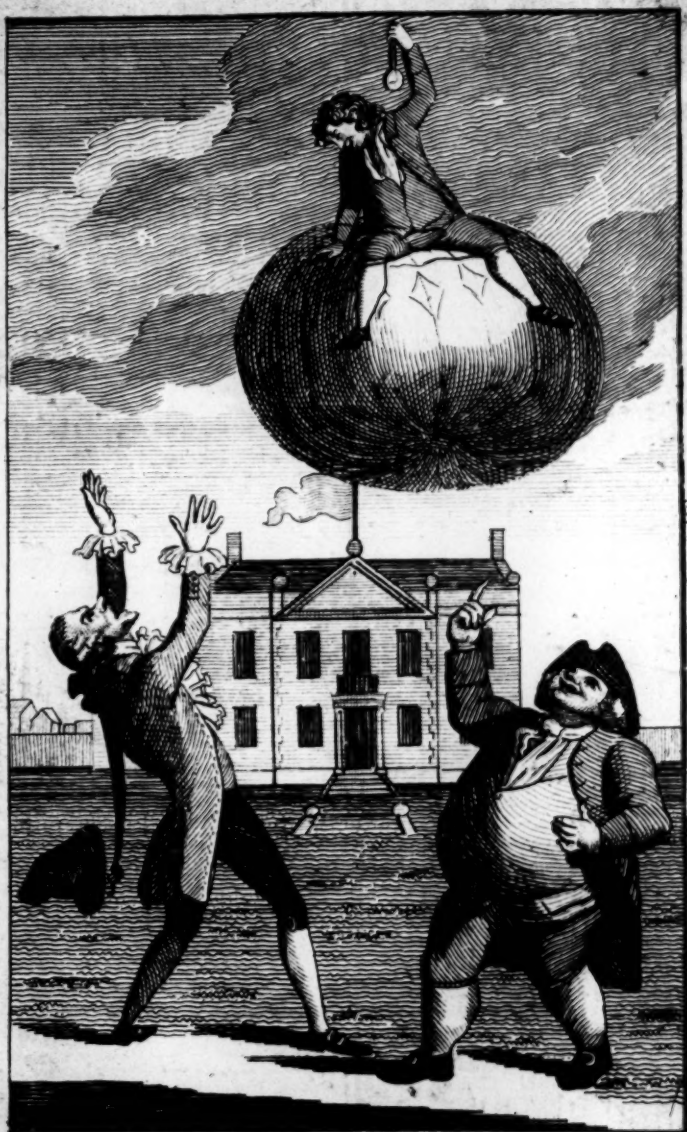


Frenchman. "Begar me lost my Vatch"
Englishman. "There it goes up in the Air. Balloon"



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THE
BALLOON JESTER;
OR,
FLIGHTS
OF
WIT and HUMOUR:

CONTAINING

A most curious COLLECTION of all that is

Pleasing, Comical, Droll, and
Entertaining, Funny, Laughable,

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curious Philosophers,

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KATTERFELTO;

Those Geniusses of Dexterity and Magic,
Sieurs JONAS and BRESLAW;

That ingenious and enterprizing Ariel Traveller,

Monfieur BIAGGINI,

With a diverting Account of the Adventures and
Reception of the

AIR BALLOON;

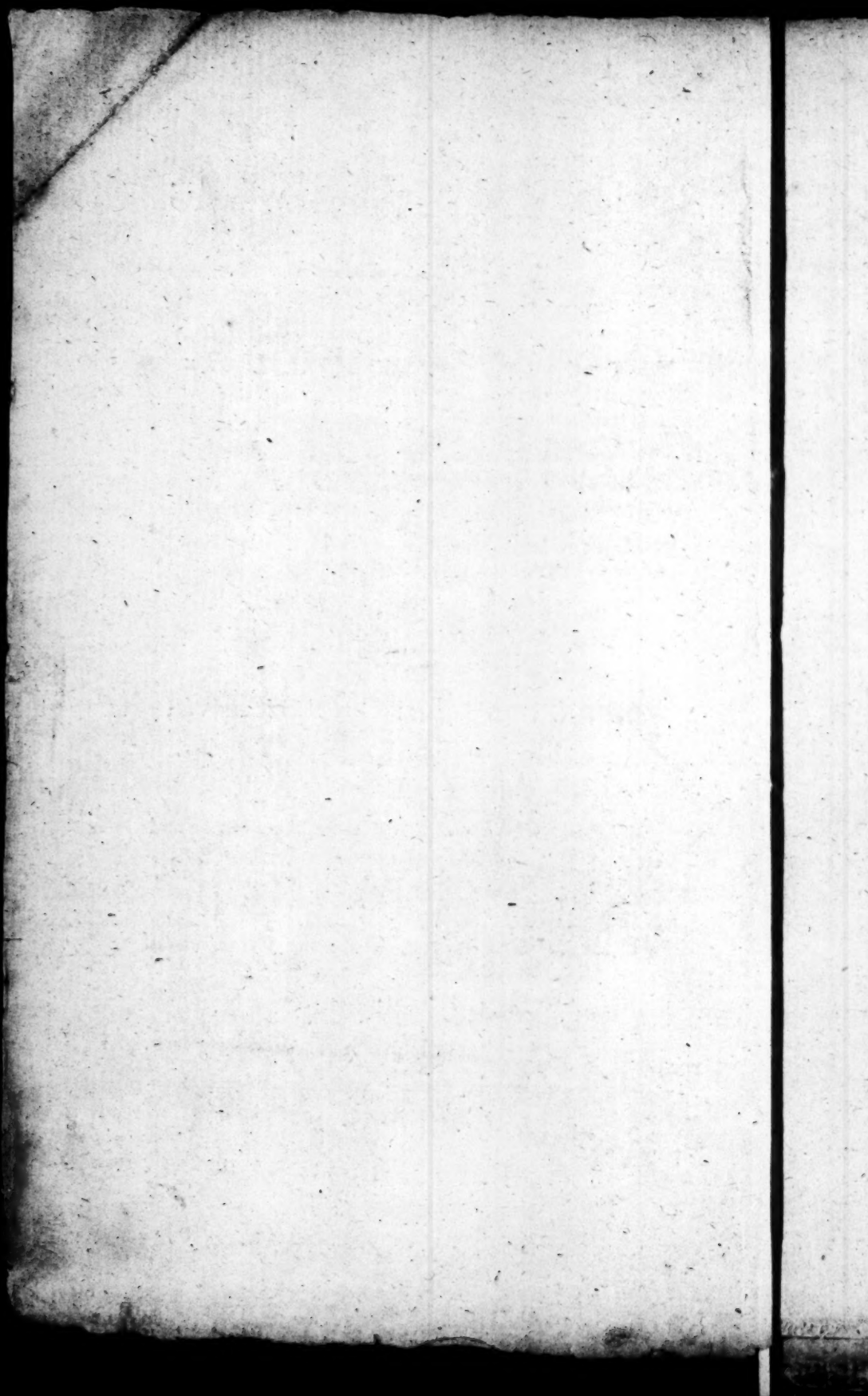
And a Country Gentleman's Description of that *natural*
of all *Natural Philosophy's*

The HOLOPHUSICON.

The whole compiled to raise Mirth at a small Expence.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. LANE, No. 33, Leadenhall-street.



THE
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DURING the time the *Air Balloon* was letting off in the *Artillery Ground*, a Frenchman attending among the rest as a spectator, conceiving that Les Angloises could not be so adroit at an invention that was claimed by his countrymen, and which had been exhibited with such splendor and applause at Paris; and in order to ascertain the precise time, he pulled out a remarkable fine gold watch, which he held in his hands; this circumstance being observed by one of our nimble fingered gentry, he artfully (when the Frenchman thought he had returned it into his scb) conveyed it away; the *Balloon* being let off, and Monsieur requiring to know how long it would be visible, applied to his watch, which, to his great surprize, he found gone, *O mon Dieu*, says he, turning round, *it is gone—gone*, roars out a good honest Englishman, why you look the wrong way—*Vay, begar me lost my watch—lost your watch*, continued the Englishman laughing, *why there it goes up in the Air Balloon!*

It chanced that a merchant ship was so violently tossed in a storm at sea, that all, despairing of safety, betook themselves to prayer, saving one mariner, who was ever wishing to see two stars. Oh ! said he, that I could see two stars, or but one of the two ; and of these words he made so frequent repetition, that disturbing the meditations of the rest, at length one asked him, what two stars, or what one star he meant ? To whom he replied, *O ! that I could see the Star in Cheapside, or the Star in Coleman-street, I care not which.*

Mr. Sharp the surgeon, being sent for to a gentleman who had just received a slight wound in a rencounter, gave orders to his servant to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaister ; the patient turning a little pale, Lord Sir, said he, *I hope there is no danger ?* Yes, indeed is there, answered the surgeon, *for if the fellow don't set up a good pair of heels, the wound will heal before he returns.*

A country fellow, who was just come to London, gaping about in every shop he came to, at last looked into a lottery-office, where seeing only one man sitting at a desk, he could not imagine what commodity was sold there ; but calling to the clerk, Pray Sir, said he, what do you sell here, *loggerheads*, cried the other, *No you ?* answered the countryman, *Egad then you've a special trade, for I see you have but one left.*

A country farmer going cross his grounds in the dusk of the evening, espy'd a young fellow and la's very busy near a five bar gate, in one of the fields, and calling to them to know what they were about, said the young man, *No harm, Farmer, we are only going to propa-*gate.

Three or four roguish scholars walking out one day from the University of Oxford, espyed a poor fellow near Abingdon, asleep in a ditch, with an ass by him laden with earthen ware, holding the bridle in his hand, says one of the scholars to the rest, *If you will assist me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are* bare

bare at present. No doubt of it, they were not long consenting: Why then, said he, we'll go and sell this old fellow's ass at Abingdon; for you know the fair is to-morrow, and we shall meet with chapmen enough; therefore, do you take the panniers off, and put them upon my back, and that bridle over my head, and then lead the ass to market, and let me alone with the old man. This being done accordingly, in a little time after the poor man waking, was strangely surpris'd to see his ass thus metamorphos'd: Oh! for God's sake, said the scholar, take this bridle out of my mouth, and this load from my back. Zoons, how came you here, replied the old man? Why, said he, my father, who is a necromancer, upon an idle thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an ass; but now his heart has relented, and I am come to my own shape again, I beg you will let me go home and thank him. By all means, said the crockery merchant, I do not desire to have any thing to do with conjuration; and so set the scholar at liberty, who went immediately to his comrades, that by this time were making merry with the money they had sold the ass for: But the old fellow was forced to go the next day to seek for a new one in the fair, and after having looked on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one: Oh! oh! said he, *what! have he and his father quarrell'd again already?* No, no, I'll have *nothing to say to him.*

A gentleman being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon the table was a dish of whittings, and one being upon his plate, he found it stink so much, that he could not eat a bit of it; but he laid his mouth down to the fish, as if he was whispering to it, and then took up the plate, and put it to his own ear. The gentleman, at whose table he was, enquiring into the meaning, he told him, That he had a brother lost at sea about *a fortnight ago*, and he was asking that fish if he knew any thing of him; And what answer made he, said the gentleman, *He told me, replied the other, that he could give no account of him, for he had not been at sea these three weeks.*

N.B. I

N.B. I would not have any of my readers apply this story, as an unfortunate gentleman did once, who the next day after he had first heard it, was whispering to a stinking rump of beef, at a friend's house.

Michael Angelo, in his picture of the Last Judgement, in the Pope's chapel, painted among the figures in hell, that of a certain cardinal, who was his enemy, so like, that every body knew it at first sight : Whereupon the cardinal complaining to Pope Clement the VIIth of the affront, and desiring it might be defaced : *You know very well*, said the Pope, *I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell.*

Two gentlemen disputing about religion in Batson's coffee house, said one of them, I wonder, Sir, you should talk of religion, when I'll hold you five guineas you can't say the *Lord's Prayer* ; Done, said the other, and Johnny Wikes here shall hold stakes. The money being deposited, the gentleman began with, *I believe in God*, and so went cleverly thro' the *Creed* : *Well*, said the other, *I own I have lost ; I did not think he could have done it.*

An Irish lawyer of the Temple, having occasion to go to dinner, left the directions in his key-hole. *Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me ; and if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he shall read it for you.*

A punster was desired one night in company, by a gentleman, to make a *pun extempore*. Upon what subject ? said he, *The king*, answered the other. *Oh, Sir*, said he, *the king is no subject.*

Old Dennis, who had been the author of many plays, going by a brandy-shop in St. Paul's Church-yard ; the man who kept it came out to him, and desired the favour of him to drink a dram. For what reason ? said he. Because you are a *dramatick* poet, answered the other. Well, thou art an out-of-the-way fellow, said the old gentleman, and I will drink a dram with thee.

But

But when he had so done, the man asked him to pay for it: 'Sdeath, Sir, says the bard, did not you ask me to drink a dram, because I was a *dramatick poet*? Yes, Sir, replied the fellow, *but I did not think you had been a dram-o'tick poet.*

A country parson having divided his text under two-and-twenty heads; one of the congregation was getting out of the church in a great hurry; but a neighbour, pulling him by the sleeve, ask'd him whither he was going? *Home for my night-cap,* answer'd the first, *for I find we are to stay here all night.*

An English gentleman ask'd an Irishman, what was the reason that his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering, and making bulls? *Faith,* said he, *I believe there is something in the air of Ireland; and I dare say, if an Englishman was born there, he would do the same.*

A young gentleman playing at questions and commands with some pretty young ladies, was commanded to take off a garter from one of them, but she, as soon as he had laid hold of her petticoats, run away into the next room, where was a bed: Now, madam, said he, tripping up her heels, *I bar squeaking.* Bar the door, you fool, cry'd she.

A certain senator, who is not, it may be, esteemed the wisest man in the house, has a frequent custom of shaking his head, when another speaks; which giving offence to a particular person, he complained of the indignity shewn to him; but one who had been acquainted with the first gentleman from a child, as he told the House, assured them, that it was only a bad habit that he had got, *For though he would shake his head, there was nothing in it.*

A country clergyman, meeting a neighbour, who never came to church, although an old fellow of above sixty, he gave him some reproof on that account, and asked if he never read at home? No, replied the clown,

I can't read. I dare say, said the parson, you don't know who made you? Not I, in troth, cry'd the countryman. A little boy coming by at the same time, who made you, child? said the parson. God, Sir, answered the boy. Why look you there, quoth the honest clergyman, are not you ashamed to hear a child of five or six years old tell me who made him, when you, that are so old a man, cannot? *Ab*, said the countryman, *it is no wonder that he should remember; he was made but t'other day, it is a great while, measter, sin I war made.*

When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York Building, which he intended for public orations, he happened at a time to be pretty much behind hand with his workmen; and coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the rostrum, and make a speech, that he might observe how it could be heard; the fellow mounting, and scratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. Oh! said the knight, no matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost. *Why here, Sir Richard,* says the fellow, *we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: Pray, Sir, when do you design to pay us?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard, pray come down, I have heard enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I don't admire your subject.

A traveller coming into the kitchen of an inn, in a very cold night, stood so close to the fire that he burnt his boots. An arch rogue, who sat in the chimney-corner, cried out to him, Sir, Sir, you'll burn your spurs presently. *My boots you mean, I suppose,* said the gentleman. No, Sir, replied the other, *they are burnt already.*

A gentleman was saying one day at the Tilt Yard Coffee house, when it rained exceeding hard, that it put him in mind of the general deluge. Zoons, Sir, says an old campaigner, who stood by, Who's that? I have heard of all the generals in Europe but him.

An

An hackney-coachman, who was just set up, had heard that the lawyers used to club their *three pence* a-piece, four of them to go to Westminster; and being called by a lawyer at Temple-bar, who, with two others in their gowns, got into his coach, he was bid to drive to Westminster-hall; but the coachman still holding his door open, as if he waited for more company, one of the gentlemen asked him why he did not shut the door, and go on. The fellow scratching his head, cry'd, *You know, master, my fare's a shilling; I can't go for nine-pence.*

A gentleman ask'd a lady at Tunbridge, who had made a very large acquaintance among the beaux and pretty fellows there, what she would do with them all? *Oh!* said she, *they pass off like the waters.* And pray, madam, replied the gentleman, *do they all pass the same way?*

Sir Wackin Lewes brought in a bill that wanted some amendment, which being not attended to by the house, he frequently repeated, That he *thirsted* to mend his bill. Upon which, a worthy member got up, and said, *Mr. Speaker, I humbly move, since that member thirsts so very much, that he may be allowed to mend his draught.* This put the house in such a good humour, that his request was granted.

In the reign of Queen Anne, when it was said the Lord Oxford had got a number of peers made at once to serve a particular turn, being met the next day by my Lord Wharton; *So, Robin,* said he, *I find what you lost by tricks, you have gain'd by honours.*

There being a great disturbance one night at Drury-lane play-house, Mr. Palmer coming on the stage to say something to pacify the audience, and an orange being thrown full at him, which when he had taken up, making a low bow, with the orange in his hand, *This is no civil orange, I think,* said he.

A gentleman lately come from the country, being in the Pit of Drury-lane Theatre, saw a very beautiful modest looking girl, in one of the green boxes, with an-

other more elderly lady; and so struck was he by the delicacy and sweetness that appeared in her, that, after the play, nothing would serve him but he must go up where she sat, to have the pleasure of being nearer. He went accordingly, got in the very row behind, and soon after took an opportunity of offering her and her companion oranges, which they very politely accepted. For some time the gentleman was listening with impatience to hear what the charming girl would say; but he could get but little satisfaction, such was her reservedness, till the entertainment begun, which happened to be the elopement, where harlequin makes a prodigious leap; this he had no sooner completed than miss, punching her companion with her elbow, cried, *Blood and Ouns, Nell, did you twig that? D—n the fellow's limbs, what a spring he has in his crupper!*

A country gentleman just come to London, was very desirous of seeing every thing curious; and after having paid visits to the Abbey, the Lions, &c. begged the favour of a friend, at whose house he lodged, to take him to Bedlam. The friend consented, but having occasion to transact some business in the city, made the Stock Exchange in his way; after he had been some time in the coffee-house, he missed his country visitor, and coming out to look for him, found him at the door. Why don't you come in? says he. Come in! cried the other, Zounds, what do you mean? *They are all loose.*

A certain punster being at dinner at a tavern, where there was a dish of green peas, which the cook had boiled very yellow, Here, fellow, said he, calling to one of the waiters, take these peas to your cook, and desire her to carry them to Hammer-smith. One of the company asking what she should do with them there? Why, you blockhead, added he, *Is not that the way to Turn-'em-green?*

A gentleman one day reproached his wife with the prodigious sums of money she laid out in finery. When I had a girl, said he, before I married, it seldom cost me above a guinea; but was I to keep an accompt, I am sure I never enjoy you that it costs me less than five.—That's no fault of mine, my dear, replied the wife, I am
always

always at your service, come as often as you will; *Why do not you contrive that it should not cost you above half-a-crown a time?*

A young lady being at table where there was a sweet meat, called white-pot, which is a sort of custard-pudding, the mistress of the house ask'd her how she lik'd it? Oh ma'am, answered she, *I like white puddings of all things; but I think they are best when they are stiff.*

In an assembly, where several persons of both sexes were playing and romping together, a lady suffered her temper to get so much the better of her, upon some trifling occasion, as to give a gentleman a slap on the face; upon which, he being very strong, lifted her from the ground, and pulling up her petticoats before all the company, Ladies and Gentlemen, said he, look, if you please, and tell me what sex I have got here? *If it is a man, I must cut his throat; if a woman, I shall take no farther notice of her.*

A gentleman looking after a boy to wait on him, and not being able to get one readily, complained to a good woman, a neighbour of his, saying, he wanted a little *Son of a whore* for a foot-boy; Heaven bless you, Sir, said she, *Take my son, I'll answer for his being all you wish.*

A judge in a town in Italy condemned a poor fellow to be hanged; but it being a place where executions were not frequent, there was never a gallows ready. Upon this the jailor sent to the carpenter of the quarter to make one; he, however, having been employed at different times to perform the same service before (which he had never been paid for) he absolutely refused, without having the money for his wood and labour in hand. The judge in a great passion, immediately sent for the carpenter, and desired to know how he dared to refuse making the gallows; according to his command; to which the other replied, *It's very true, I refused to make it for the jailor, because I have made others for him be-*

fore, for which he never paid me ; *but if I had known the gallows had been for your Worship, I would have got it ready with all my heart.*

A noble lord joined the opposition, when a member of the House of Commons, against Lord North, and so violent was he for the destruction of that minister, that having returned one day from the House of Commons, he suddenly exclaimed, "I have got it! here it is! I have it in my pocket!" "What have you got? enquired his l dy." I have, replied he, the head of Lord North in my pocket." "Then put it on your own shoulders, you fool."

One of the managers of Covent-Garden Theatre, at fifty years of age, went to Paris to learn French. Foote coming there, the manager ask'd him, If he could put him in a way to attain the language, for that he had tried every method in vain to get it into his head. Why, says the wit, "there is but one method left, get the last and best edition of Boyer's Dictionary, pound it well in a mortar, mix it up with some mutton, and take it every morning as a giſter; if you can't get it into *your head*, get it into *your tail*."

Mr. Palmer, of Drury-lane Theatre, was accustomed, when young, to stick up the bills for the play-house; some nights ago at the Rose, a gentleman observed, that Mr. Palmer was possessed of a great number of *jewels*, and generally carried several hundred-pounds worth about him. Indeed, answers Mr. Garrick, 'I remember the time when he *carried nothing but paste*.'

When Herries was holding forth one evening, at the meeting house in the Old Jewry, and explaining to them the reason of their meeting in a house, rather than preaching in the open field, he observed that a house had many conveniences that were too many to be enumerated at present; but he could not resist mentioning one or two of them. 'First, that a lady was in danger of being turned topsy turvy in getting over stiles, and that a gentleman could *ease* any ldy by *standing*, in a pew; whereas

whereas, he could speak from his own knowledge, that at field preaching, many irregularities were often committed, such as giving young girls green gowns, and very often short aprons. He wished

“ His fair audience would keep in mind,
That which once lost they ne’er can find;
 And that those that run might read,
 He meant, the losing of their *maidenhead*.”

Lady Bridget Lane, now Lady Bridget Marsh, was presiding one evening at the table, one of her ruffles caught the fire of a candle; Lord Littleton, who was one of the party, and intending to be witty on the accident, said, ‘ he did not think her ladyship so apt to take fire; ’ ‘ nor am I, my lord, from such a *spark* as you.’

Dr. Pitcairn, an eminent physician, who had accustomed himself to expect exorbitant fees, having attended Mr. Garrick some years ago, when he was a little indisposed, received from him two guineas for every visit, was very much surprized, when at length he gave him but one; and affecting to look on the floor, as if in search of something, Mr. Garrick asked him what he had lost, ‘ Sir, replied the Doctor, *I believe I have dropt a guinea.* ’ ‘ No, Doctor, replied Mr. Garrick, *It is I that have dropt a guinea.* ’ This rebuke rendered him more moderate afterwards.

The King riding out one morning on Richmond-hill, being struck with the situation, neatness and elegance of the late Blanchard’s house, asked whose it was? being told it belonged to a *card-maker*, ‘ Why, says his Majesty, with some surprize, ‘ One would think all the *man’s cards* had turned up *trumps* !’

Mr. Wortley Montague, formerly ambassador at Constantinople, was one day travelling through Holland; when the price of every thing is asked before it is bespoke, to prevent imposition; enquired of the master of an inn, where he had stopped and proposed to dine, what would be the price of a fine pheasant then in the house?

house? 'One guinea, Sir, replied the Hollander.' The *gentleman* immediately ordered it to be dressed, and when it was brought to the table, with a consequential air, desired Mynheer to *eat him off one six-penny worth*.

A plain downright Berkshire countryman, being a witness in a cause at Guildhall, was asked by Mr. Wallace, the council for the opposite party, 'how now, you fellow in the leather doublet, what are you to have for swearing?' Please your worship, quoth the countryman, 'if you get no more by bawling and lying than I do by swearing, you will soon be in a leather doublet as well as I.'

Mr. Dias, a well-known Jew bail, and remarkable for the great quantity of lace on his cloaths, was offering himself as bail for a party, in a cause depending before Lord Mansfield; the attorney for the plaintiff doubting Mr. Dias as sufficient bail; Lord Mansfield asked the attorney how he could doubt it, for he was sure that the *gentleman* would *burn for more*.

A young sprig of nobility, who imagined that wit and a peerage were consentaneous, said once to a poor clergyman, (the constant butt of fools of fortune) who happened to sit next a goose, 'Doctor, with all your learning, can you tell me, why the goose is always placed next to the parson?' 'Indeed, my Lord,' replied he, 'I cannot; but whenever I see a goose again, I shall certainly think of your lordship.'

Dr. Sterne, the celebrated Yorick, was once in the coffee-room of an inn at York, along with some other gentlemen of the church, when a young fellow came in, who gave general offence to the company, by declaiming against the hypocrisy of the clergy. After this would-be-wit had gone on some time triumphantly, as he seemed to think, he appealed to Sterne for the truth of his assertions; who, instead of making a direct answer, began a humorous dissertation on his dog. 'My dog, sir,' says he, 'is the handsomest dog you ever saw; he is sprightly, good-natured, and, at first sight, charms every

every body; but he has an ugly trick, which spoils all his good qualities :—he never sees a parson,' continued the humourist, ' but he flies at him.' ' How long has he had that trick ?' says the other. ' Ever since he was a puppy,' replied Sterne.

A nobleman, of large fortune, on occasion of his daughter's marriage, which was celebrated at his country-seat, had invited all his tenants and country neighbours to an entertainment, which he made on that occasion. Several of the nobility and gentry being present, all the country pastimes, such as cudgelling, foot-ball, &c. were exhibited, for their diversion. Amongst other maggots, there was a smoaking-match, for a laced hat, on the following terms; each candidate was to have a quart of ale, and a quarter of a pound of tobacco, and he who first finished his tobacco was to be the winner. —Many candidates were entered; and a stage was erected for the performance, with seats for the smoakers, and others for the nobleman and his friends. Just as they were going to begin, a countryman driving a waggon along the road near which the stage stood, enquired what was the matter, and, being informed, ' Well,' says he, ' and maun't I smo-ak too ?' He was told he might, provided he would mount the stage. ' Noe, noe,' says he, ' an ise smo-ak, ise fit i' t' waggon.' This was agreed to, as he would be in full view of the company, and they promised themselves an addition to their entertainment from this new competitor, who had started at the post. The contention then began; and the smoakers on the stage filled the air with clouds of innocent smoak; at the same time now and then just wetting their mouths, to eke out their liquor as much as possible. The waggoner sat smoaking very deliberately in his carriage, and when his pipe was about half out, he took a good hearty swig at his pitcher, saying, ' All your healths, maisters,' and when it was quite out, he repeated his dose and his toast. At this the company were highly delighted, concluding he must, if he went on so, be quite choaked with thirst, before he had consumed half his cargo of tobacco. However, he smoaked his second pipe, in the same manner as the former, and

and having finished that and his liquor together, he rose up, and making one of his own bows, took off his hat, saying, *Thank ye, thank ye, Maisters!—a good baiting-place, faith*; and away he drove.

The facetious Dean Swift, hearing two of his servants disputing, which of them was to carry the Dean's boots, to a place where he was to take horse, called them in, and asked them what they were quarrelling about? Both answered, 'Nothing.' 'Very well,' said the Dean, 'then go and fetch me my boots.' The boots being brought accordingly, he gave to each of them one, saying, 'Do you take this boot, and do you take that; and do you go on this side the way, and do you go on t'other; and wait for me where the horse is.—I know you were quarrelling about nothing."

A humourous fellow, a carpenter, being supposed as a witness, on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel who was very apt to brow-beat the witnesses, asked, 'What distance he was from the parties when the assault happened?' The carpenter answered, 'Just four feet five inches and an half.' 'How came you to be so very exact?' said the counsellor. 'Because I expected some fool would ask me,' answered the witness, 'and so I measured it.'

The late Duke of Bedford, upon some joyous family occasion, kept open house for several days together. A gentleman having dined regularly the two or three first days, at the table provided for his Grace and particular friends, they thought he intruded too far, especially as he was an entire stranger, and, with the Duke's permission, determined to have sport with him, if he should come again. They settled their plan, and directed two of the servants how to behave. The next day, at dinner-time, he came again, and sat down to dinner; but when one of the instructed servants handed him a plate on one side, his comrade whipped it away on the other, and this they continued till the table was cleared, so that the poor gentleman made much such another meal as Sancho Panca, when Governor of Baratania. However, he

he took it all without appearing in the least disconcerted or displeased; and sat with the company till the usual time of breaking up, when he genteelly took leave and withdrew. They now thought they had certainly got rid of him; but what was their surprize to see him appear again the succeeding day! In short, when they were all seated, the servants were going to repeat the trick of the day before; but the gentleman seizing the plate, and taking a small hammer and nail out of his pocket, very deliberately fastened it to the table. The company now were more surprized than ever: At last, one of them desired to know his reason for such uncommon behaviour. *I'll tell you Sir, said he, I have had the honour of dining for three or four days past with some of the first personages in the kingdom, [here he named most of the company present,] and yesterday, continued he, with, I believe, the most ancient peer of the realm; no less a person than Duke Humphry himself; but to-day, I am determined to dine with the Duke of Bedford.*

Quin, the celebrated comedian, being informed that Thompson, the author of the Seasons, was confined in a spunging-house for a debt of about seventy pounds, he repaired to the place, and was introduced to the unfortunate bard. Thompson was much surprized to see Quin in such a place, and the more so, when the latter said he came to sup with him; being conscious he did not possess money enough to procure one, and that no credit was to be expected in those inhospitable regions; however, Quin dispelled his anxiety, by informing him that supposing it would be inconvenient to have a supper dressed in the place where they were, he had ordered one from a neighbouring tavern; and half a dozen of claret was immediately brought in by way of prologue. Supper being over, and having drank pretty freely, Quin said to his companion, *It is now time to settle our accounts.* This speech alarmed the poet: but Quin, perceiving his embarrassment, continued thus, *Sir, the pleasure I have received from the perusal of your writings, I cannot estimate at less than one hundred pounds, and I insist upon now paying the debt.* Then, flinging down a note of the above value, he went off abruptly, without giving the astonished poet time to reply.

That merry monarch, Charles II. being playing at cards in public with some of his courtiers, the Duke of Buckingham, who was one of the company, and who sat opposite to the King, took a gold snuff-box out of his pocket, and after taking a pinch, laid it carelessly by him on the table. A very well-dressed man, but a stranger, came behind the duke, took the box unperceived from him, and put it in his pocket; but, observing the king's eye on him, he put his finger to his nose, and winked at the king, as much as to say, 'take no notice and we shall have some sport.' The company played on, but the king at last missing his acquaintance, and beginning to suspect a trick, says to the duke, 'Buckingham, give me a pinch of snuff?' The duke, missing his box, was greatly chagrined, saying, 'It was a family piece, which he would not lose for double the value.' The king, at last, told him, 'he believed he could inform him who had got it.' Who? asked the duke impatiently. 'Did you not observe a stranger,' says the king, 'dressed in such a manner?' 'I did,' says the duke, 'Who is he?' 'That I cannot tell,' says the king, 'but I saw him take the box, and he nodded at me to take no notice.' 'Good God,' says the Duke, 'and why did you not tell me of it?' 'I could not,' replies the king, 'because, you know, I was upon honour with him.'

A gentleman supping at an inn, in a little borough-town, when the cloth was taken away, the landlord enquired how he liked his fare? 'Extremely well,' said the gentleman, 'I have supped as well as any man in the kingdom.' 'Except Mr. Mayor,' said the landlord. 'I except nobody' says the gentleman, 'You must,' says the landlord; 'I won't,' says the gentleman. In short, their dispute grew so high, that the landlord, who was a subaltern magistrate, but neither a Solon or Lycurgus) took the gentleman before the Mayor. That magistrate, whose understanding was in exact equilibrio with that of the landlord, gravely told the gentleman, 'That the custom of *excepting Mr. Mayor*, had obtained in that place time out of mind; that every one was obliged to conform to it; and that he fined him a shilling

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ling for refusing.' 'Very well,' answered the gentleman, 'there is the shilling;—but may I be hang'd, if that fellow who brought me here, is not the greatest fool in Christendom,—except you, Mr. Mayor.'

The late Lord Baltimore had a seat at Erith, in Kent, where, with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood (all members of the association for the preservation of the game) he established a kind of sporting society, who took it in rotation to treat the company, after the chase, at their respective homes. A baker of Deptford, a keen sportsman, who had often joined the hunt, and breakfasted with them, one morning invited the company home to his house, and they accepted the invitation; but suspecting, from his business, that he was not qualified, one of them was pitched on to satisfy them in that particular. This the person did in as soft a manner as he could, when the baker answered, 'Gentlemen, I very much applaud your care in preserving the game; and will produce my qualifications immediately.' Then, calling for pen and ink, he wrote down twenty pounds a year in one county, thirty in another, and so on till it amounted in the whole to near four hundred per annum, and giving the paper to the inquirer, said, 'There, Sir, are my qualifications, and not a foot mortgaged, by Jove.' Then taking a taylor's bill and receipt out of his pocket-book, and flinging it on the table, 'And there, gentlemen,' said he, 'is another, which, possibly, some of the company cannot match.'

Two suttling women, one English the other Scotch, in the Duke of Marlborough's army, discoursing of an engagement which was expected to be very near, 'Well,' says the English woman, 'God stand by the right!'—'Godswarbit,' answers Moggy, 'Geud stand by Hamilton's regiment, richt or wrong!'

Some years ago a country fellow, in a waggoner's frock, went into a tavern at York, which was the constant evening resort of the performers of the York Company, and asked the Landlord, if the players did not use his house? and was answered in the affirmative. 'And mought'nt

moughtn't I spe-ak to un?' says the countryman; 'for I wants to be a player myself.' 'Certainly,' says the Landlord (who in such houses generally contract a smattering of the vivacity of their customers) 'I'll step in, and speak to them; there are several now in the parlour.' The company being informed by the landlord, that there was a countryman without, who wanted to be an actor, and who he fancied would yield them some diversion, ordered him in. When introduced, he was asked, if he had ever performed any parts? 'Yes,' says he, 'I have played Hector of Troy;' and mentioned several other parts in the Bartholomew-fair style. They then desired him to favour them with a speech or two, which he did in his rustic manner, to the no small entertainment of his audience; who, after greatly extolling his performance, told him to come to the play-house at eleven the next morning, and they would recommend him to the manager. The man was punctual to the time, and the manager having been prepared by the players, received him very civilly, and heard him repeat all the rubbish of the preceding night, with great satisfaction. At last, says the countryman, 'I can play a ghoad too; but I mun ha' one of your short sticks for't, because mine's too long.' 'What, the Ghost in Hamlet, I suppose?' says the manager. 'Ay, ay, says the fellow, 'that's it'. A truncheon was immediately ordered, and, while it was bringing, our countryman saying, 'I mun change my coat now,' slipped off his frock, and discovered a very genteel person in a decayed suit of mourning, which a good deal startled the spectators; but the truncheon being brought, he directly discarded the countryman, and putting himself in a most striking attitude, with his eyes fixed on the manager, began, 'Mark me!'^{*} 'On my soul, I do, Sir!' replied the manager, 'but pray go on.' He did so, and finished the speech in a very masterly manner, to the surprize and confusion of those who had been so merry at his former behaviour. When he had finished, the manager desired to know the reason of his assuming so strange an appearance? 'I'll tell you, Sir,' said he, 'I think myself qualified to be useful as an actor; but as I had nobody to recommend me (not chusing to in-

^{*} *The ghost's first expression.*

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form my friends of my design) I thought if I could introduce myself to your notice as a fool, I might possibly convince you I was capable of appearing in another cast.' The manager engaged him directly, and he continued two years the chief man in that company, and is now one of the first in London.

A hackney coachman, who had had a pretty good day, after taking care of the horses, retired to the necessary in the coach-yard, which adjoining to that appropriated to the use of his master's family, and where his master then happened to be. Our Jehu, not suspecting he had any neighbours, began to divide his earnings, in a manner, said to be not uncommon among the brothers of the whip, as follows, "A shilling for master, a shilling for myself;" which he continued till he came to an odd six-pence, which puzzled him a good deal, as he was willing to make a fair division. The master overhearing his perplexity, says to him, "You may as well let me have that six-pence, John; because I keep the horses, you know."

A company of soldiers marching in great state through a country town, the Captain observed one of the drummers did not beat; and ordered a Lieutenant to enquire the reason. The Drummer, on the Lieutenant's asking him, whispered in his ear, "I have got two geese and a turkey in my drum; and the turkey is for his honour." This being rewhispered to the Captain by the Lieutenant, "Very well," said he aloud, "but why did not the foolish fellow tell me before, that he had the rheumatism? I never want men to do their duty, when they are not able."

Some young gentlemen drinking at a tavern, happened, amongst other things, to fall on the subject of apparitions, the existence of which one of them absolutely denied; and, as a proof of his fearlessness as to things of that nature, he undertook, in consequence of a wager, to bring off a scull from a neighbouring bone-house, at the dreadful hour of twelve at night. The Sexton, for a proper acknowledgement, agreed to leave the

the door open, that nothing might obstruct him. Our adventurer arrived at the gloomy scene (intirely ignorant that one of his companions had got there before him) groped among the bones, picked up a scull, and was marching off; when a hollow voice called him back, saying, 'That's my scull.' 'Very well,' says our hero, 'then I must have another.' The second, and two or three succeeding ones, were claimed by the voice as belonging to different relations of his. At last, having picked up another, he says, 'I must have one be it whose it may,' and away he ran. When he got back to his company, 'There,' says he, flinging the scull upon the table, 'there's a scull, but I'll be shot, if the owner is not coming for it.'

Joe Spiller, the celebrated comedian, being to give out a play on a Saturday evening, addressed the audience in the following manner, 'Ladies and gentlemen, to-morrow,' but was interrupted by a person in the pit, who told him, 'To-morrow was Sunday.' 'I know it, Sir,' replied the droll;—and then gravely went on, 'To-morrow will be preached at the parish church of St. Andrew, Holborn, a charity sermon, for the benefit of a number of poor boys and girls; and, on Monday, will be presented, in this place, a comedy, &c. for the benefit,' &c.

The morning before the battle of Roucoux, in 1746, the brave Earl of Crauford, accompanied by his aid-de-camp, and a few volunteers, rode out to reconnoitre the situation of the French army, and fell in with one of their advanced guards. The French officer immediately drew up his men, who had presented their pieces before the Earl observed them. Not in the least disconcerted, the Earl rode up to the Frenchman, and told him in the French language, which he spoke with the greatest fluency, 'Ceremony was unnecessary on so busy a day as that was expected to be; and then asked, 'if he had seen any of the enemy?' Being answered, 'No;,' 'Very well,' said the Earl, 'keep strict guard, and if you are attacked, depend on't, you shall be well supported.' He and his companions then rode off, and left the Frenchman

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man to recover at leisure from the state of amazement into which the Earl's behaviour had thrown him. The battle turned in favour of the French, and an Austrian officer, who had been made prisoner in the course of it, dined with Count Saxe, who (having been informed of the above whimsical rencounter) when he dismissed him on his parole, begged him to present his compliments to Lord Crauford, and tell him, added he, "I wish him joy of his French commission, but am very sorry I had not the pleasure of his company to dinner."

Two sailors (one Irish the other English) agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of either's being wounded in an action then about to commence. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon-ball; and, on his calling to Paddy to carry him to the Doctor, according to their agreement, the other very readily complied; but he had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back, when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, who, through the noise and disturbance common in a sea engagement, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, continued to make the best of his way to the Surgeon. An officer observing him with a headless trunk upon his shoulders, asked him where he was going? *To the Doctor*, says Paddy. *The Doctor*, says the officer, *why, you blockhead, the man has lost his head*. On hearing this, he flung the body from his shoulders, and looking at it very attentively, *By my own soul*, says he, *he told me it was his leg!*

A certain Quaker (very rich and very obstinate) constantly rode every evening to a village not far from town, and, as a proof of his humility, made it a rule never to turn out of his track for any one. A young buck undertook for a wager, to make friend Aminidab, for once, at least, give way, without using any force or violence. At the proper time (for the Quaker was as regular as the clock) the young fellow set out on horseback, and, soon seeing the Quaker at a distance, rode on, till his horse's nose touched that of the Quaker's; when both stopped, and sat some time looking at each other. At length

length the buck, with great composure, taking out a pipe, filled, and lighted it, by the help of a pistol tinder-box; then leaning his elbow upon the pommel of his saddle, smoaked it out very deliberately, looking steadily all the while in the Quaker's face. His pipe out, he began to recharge, which the Quaker seeing, immediately turned his horse's head, saying, as he passed his opponent, *Friend, thou beest a very obstinate fellow.*

An English drummer, who was made prisoner in a skirmishing party, during Marlborough's wars, being a well-made personable man, attracted the attention of the French commander; who called him, and, among other things, asked, if he was well acquainted with his duty, which the drummer answered in the affirmative. The officer then ordered a drum to be brought him, and bid him beat several different marches, French and English, all which he did with great adroitness. The officer at last bid him beat a retreat, *Your honour must excuse me,* said the drummer, *I was never taught that in England.*

The late king of Prussia, at a review of his gigantic regiment (of which he was very proud) asked the foreign Ministers attending him, What they thought of them? and whether they imagined an equal number of their masters troops could beat them? To this, in complaisance to the King's foible, they all answered in the negative; but the same question being put to the British Ambassador, the great Earl of Stair, *I don't know, my lord,* replied he, *but of this I am well assured, that half the number would try.*

At the contested election for the City of Westminster, between Lord Trentham (now Earl Gower) and Sir George Vandeput, John Glynn, Esq; (father to the late Serjeant Glynn) went in a plain dress to the hustings in Covent-Garden, to poll, and was interrogated by one of the clerks with all the intolence of office, with, *Well, Sir, who are you? what is your name?* John Glynn. *Where do you live?* In ——— street, Westminster. *What trade are you?* A very poor trade indeed, Sir, replied Mr. Glynn, for an honest man to get a living by, I am a member of parliament.

A highwayman and a chimney sweeper were condemned to be hang'd the same day at Tyburn, the first for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dressed in scarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimæy-sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervor, the gay robber was attentive, and the other approached near to his fellow sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him at some distance. But forgetting this angry warning, he presumed still to come nearer, when the highwayman, with some disdain, said, *Keep farther off, can't you?*—Sir, replied sweep, *I won't keep off; and let me tell you, I have as much right to be hang'd as you!*

A few years ago, Foote went to spend his Christmas with the late Charles Bryan, Esq; when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by a scarcity of wood in the house, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for town.—Mr. Bryan seeing him with his boots on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in, and pressed him to stay. 'No, no,' says Foote, 'was I to stay any longer, you would not let me have a leg to stand on.' 'Why, sure,' says Mr. Bryan, 'we do not drink so hard.'——'No,' says the wit, 'but there is so little wood in your house, that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fires some morning with my right leg.'

General Burgoyne being at a country play last summer, the entertainment happened to be *the Stage Coach*, which was acted so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it; as soon as the curtain closed, and one of the performers came to give out the next play, the General begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished. 'The Stage Coach, Sir,' says Buskin, bowing very respectfully, 'O then, Sir,' says the General, 'will you be so good to let me know
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when you perform this again, that I may be an *outside passenger*.

Counsellor Harwood, a late celebrated Irish lawyer, as remarkable for his *brogue*, as for his *bon-mots*; being counsel against a young officer, who was indicted for a very indecent assault, opened the court in the following manner: 'My lord, I am counsel in this cause for the crown, and I am first to acquaint your lordship that this *soldier* here —' 'Stop, Sir,' says the ignorant military here, (who thought he used the word *soldier* as a term of reproach) 'I would have you know, Sir, I am an *officer*.' 'Oh, Sir, I beg your pardon,' says the counsellor, very drily, 'why then, my lord, to speak more correctly, this officer here, who is no *soldier* —'

Lord Townsend, when young, being at the battle of Dettingen, as he was marching down pretty close to the enemy, was so very thoughtful (as usual with most officers on their first battle) that he took no notice of a drummer's head that was shot off just before him, tho' he received some of the brains on his coat. A veteran officer observing this, went up to him, and endeavoured to rouse him, by telling him, the best way in these cases was not to think at all. 'Oh! dear Sir,' says his lordship with great presence of mind, 'you entirely mistake my reverie, I have been only thinking what the devil could bring this little drummer here, who seemed to possess such a *quantity of brains*!'

A handsome young woman, who was a witness in a trial of crim. con. before Lord Mansfield, was interrogated by Countellor Dunning, who thinking to confuse the woman, made her take off her bonnet, that he might have a view of her countenance, and see (for all counsellors are complete judges of physiognomy) whether the truth came from her lips. After he had put many ridiculous questions to her, he asked her whether her mistress had ever communicated the important secret to her? 'No, Sir,' said the woman, 'she never did.' And how can you swear to her infidelity? 'Because I saw another gentleman besides my master in bed with her.

her.' Indeed ! said the countellor. ' Yes, indeed, Sir.' And pray, my good woman, said the modest countellor, thinking to silence her at once ; did your matter, (for I see you are very handsome) in return for his wife's infidelity, go to bed to you ? ' *That trial* (says the spirited woman) *does not come on to day, Mr. Slabberchops.*'— Lord Mansfield was tickled to the soul, he thrust his hand into the waistband of his breeches, (his custom when highly delighted) and asked Dunning if he had any more interrogatories to put ? ' No, my lord, I have done,' said the chop-fallen orator, settling his wig, and sitting down.

The well-known Dagger Marr, Tommy Clough, and Harry Vaughan, all of Drury lane Theatre, met one morning at rehearsal ; Clough, kept his hand in his coat pocket a long time, which Dagger taking notice of, asked him what he had got there ; ' I have got a partridge, (says Clough) which I intend to present to the little man,' meaning Mr. Garrick. ' Tut ! (says Vaughan) he won't accept of it. ' Won't he,' says Dagger, who was well acquainted with the penurious spirit of Garrick) ' yes, by G—, he'll take it, or a roil and treacle if you offer it to him.'

Dagger Marr, who was ever wrangling with the managers of Drury-lane Theatre, was very fond of taking bread in his pocket, and feeding the ducks in St. James's Park ; one day, while he thought himself unnoticed, he observed one of the ducks swim about as swift as any three of them, and gobbled up so much of the bread, that Dagger roared out loud enough to be heard by Garrick, who was not far behind him, ' Get out of that, you goblin rascal, I see you are a manager, by G— !'

When Mr. Dibdin was engaged to compose the music for an opera that was to appear at Drury-lane, the nature of this employment became the subject of conversation one night in the green room. It was observed by one, that the musician was deeply indebted to the author. ' Then (retorted Mr. Bannister) he is likely to

be rid of that incumbrance, for he is at present preparing to discharge it by giving him his notes."

Foote being some time since at a nobleman's house, his lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape to be set on the table, when, after magnifying its good qualities, and particularly its age, he sent it round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble-full. 'Fine wine, upon my soul (says the wit, tasting and smacking his lips)' 'Is it not very curious?' (says his lordship). 'Perfectly so indeed (says the other) 'I do not remember to have seen any thing so little of its age in my life before.'

A brave tar, with a wooden leg, who was on board Admiral Parker's fleet in the late engagement with the Dutch, having the misfortune to have the other shot off, as his comrades were conveying him to the surgeon, notwithstanding the poignancy of his agonies (being a man of humour), he could not suppress his joke, saying, *It was high time for him to leave off play, when his last pin was bowled down.*

When the distinguished Major Rogers took up his abode in a spunging-house in Southampton-buildings, Holborn, like a true philosopher, he endeavoured to make his situation as agreeable as possible; he therefore one day, out of a whim, sent cards of invitation to all the bailiffs who frequented the house, to come and dine with him. They accordingly came, and being in high spirits, after dinner, one of them being called upon for a toast, gave, 'The d—l ride rough shot over the rascally part of the creation.' When every body was going to drink the toast, the Major, (who was at the bottom of the table, cried out) 'Stop, gentlemen, every man fill a bumper.' 'Oh, there is no occasion for that,' (says one of the company,) 'Yes, but there is, (says the Major) *consider it is a family toast, and ought to be done justice to.*'

Foote, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimickry, even in his early days, had once got the knack of imitat-

imitating a late general officer in the shrug of his shoulders, the lisping of his speech, and some other things, for which the general was remarkable, so that it grew a common topic among his acquaintance, who used to say, "Come Sam, let us have the General's company." A friend at length acquainted the officer of it, who sent for Foote; "Sir, (says the general) I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and among the rest, I find I have been the subject of your ridicule." "Oh Sir, (says Foote, with great pleasantry) I take all my acquaintances off at times, and what is more particular, I often take myself off." "God so (says the other) pray let us have a specimen." Foote on this puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, and making a short bow, left the room. The officer waited some minutes for his return; but at length, on enquiry, found he had really *taken himself off*, by leaving the house. The officer was General Blakeney, with whom he was afterwards in the strictest friendship.

A gentleman who called to pay a morning visit to Foote, took notice of a bust of Garrick on his bureau, "Do you know my reasons (says Foote) for making Garrick stand centry there?" "No, (replied his friend)" "I placed him there, (resumed the wit) to take care of my money, for by G— I can't take care of it myself!"

Mr. Garrick passing through a town in Yorkshire, seeing the Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee, advertised in the town, waited that night to see the play. The Theatre happened to be a barn, and Sir Harry Wildair, the hero of the piece, a recruiting serjeant, who wanted his left hand. At the opening, Mr. Garrick attended, as he thought, quite disguised, but it was not the case; a man who had been a candle-snuffer to Drury Lane, being one of the company, knew him, and communicated this knowledge to the rest of his brethren. A council was instantly called in the Green Room, the result of which was, to return him his entrance-money. The man who found out the secret was deputed for that purpose, who accordingly came round where Mr. Gar-

sick was sitting, and (after delivering the compliments of the gentlemen of the buskin, in very polite terms) begged the acceptance of his eighteen-pence, as they never took any thing from a brother.

When Lord Townsend was Viceroy of Ireland, his butler, in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of china plates, of a rare and beautiful pattern. 'You blockhead (cries his lordship, meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hand) 'How did you do it?' 'Upon my soul, my lord, they happened to fall just so,' replied the fellow, and instantly dashed them also upon the marble hearth, into a thousand pieces.

When Mr. K. first appeared on Drury-lane Theatre, in the character of Falstaff, being a man of some genius, he used to puff constantly in the news papers, upon his excellency in the part, all which, however, availed but little, as he never could bring a full house: one Bignell, sitting with a few of the players in the Black Lion, had taken up and filled a pipe, the funnel of which was stopt, and after several attempts to light it, he threw it down in a passion, saying, 'By G—d, gentlemen, I'm like your new Falstaff; I have been puffing, and puffing, this long while past, but all to no purpose, for I'll be d—m—d if I can draw !'

Lord Hawke, when a young man, was pressed very much by a tailor, to discharge a debt which he was at that time unable to pay. 'You know, Sir, (said Mr. Buckram) my bill is very long, and frightful to think of.' 'D—n it, replied the blunt tar, don't threaten me with your bill; my talons will prove a match for your bill any hour !'

Colonel G——, coming to Foote in Suffolk-street, in an elegant new phaeton, at parting, desired Foote would come to the door, just to look at it: 'Tis a pretty thing, (said the Colonel) and I have it on a new plan.' 'Before I set my eyes on it (says Foote) my dear Colonel, I'm damnably afraid you have it on the old plan,—never to pay for it.' A

A certain new-created lord, standing at a well-known bookseller's shop at the West end of the town, a dissipated young nobleman drove by in a remarkable high phaeton, and six as remarkable horses. Struck with the tout ensemble of such a groupe, his lordship asked, 'What strange figure that was?' 'Oh, my lord (says Type, in the true family pronunciation) that is the celebrated Lord ———, who hath long figured away in the walks of fashion and extravagance.'—'Ah! (says the peer) we have got strange kind of lords now-a-days.'—'Indeed, my lord (replied type, without ever meaning to be pointed,) *you* may say that.'

Philips, the noted Harlequin, was taken up in London for suspicion of debt, and dealt with the honest officer in the following manner: He first called for liquor in abundance, and treated all about him, to the no small joy of the bailiff, who was rejoiced to have a calf that bled so well, (as they term it.) Harlequin made the honest bailiff believe, that he had six dozen of wine ready packed up, which he would send for to drink while in custody, and likewise allow six-pence a bottle for drinking it in his own chamber. Shoulderdab listened to the proposal with pleasure. The bailiff went to the place, as directed, and returned with joy, to hear that it should be sent in the morning early. Accordingly it came by a porter, sweating under his load: the Turnkey called to his master, and told him the porter and hamper were come in. 'Very well (says he) then let nothing but the porter and hamper go out.' The porter performed his part very well: came heavily in with an empty hamper, and seemed to go lightly out with Philips on his back. He was dishampered at an alehouse near the water side, crossed the Thames, and soon after embarked for Ireland. He was very fond of this trick, and would take pride in his project, which was contrived long before he was taken, to be ready on such an emergency.

The wife of a farmer near Richmond, was taken in labour: the farmer wished for a son, and waited in the next room for the intelligence; it proved a boy, and the

man jumped from his chair, and clapped his hands with ext cy. A few minutes after the maid servant came in, and told him her mistress was delivered of another child, a fine girl:—*a girl!* (said the farmer with astonishment) *well, well, we must endeavour to give it a bit of bread.* A short while after the girl appeared again, and told him her mistress was delivered of a lovely boy! *What, another child!* (said the farmer, almost frantic with surprize) *and it, Nanny, is your mistress pigging?*

Dr. Sheridan, the celebrated friend of Swift, had a custom of ringing his scholars to prayers in his school-room, at a certain hour every day. The boys were one day very devoutly at prayers, except one, who was stifling a laugh as well as he could, which arose from seeing a rat descending from the bell-rope into the room. The poor boy could hold out no longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, which set the others a-going, when he pointed to the cause. Sheridan was so provoked, that he declared he would whip them all if the principal culprit was not pointed out to him; which was immediately done. The poor pupil of Momus was immediately hoisted, and his posteriors laid bare to the rod, when the witty schoolmaster told him, if he said any thing tolerable on the occasion, as he looked on him as the greatest dunce in his school, he would forgive him. The trembling culprit, with very little hesitation, addressed his master with the following beautiful distich:

There was a rat—for want of stairs,
Came down a rope—to go to pray'rs.

Sheridan instantly dropped the rod, and, instead of a whipping, gave him half a crown.

A very extraordinary affair happened lately at Dr. Kauterfelto's Exhibition-Room, No 24, Piccadilly:—A Welch gentleman being informed that the Doctor was a very great favourite of his Majesty, and the Royal Family; being the greatest philosopher in the three kingdoms; and that he had exhibited several times before the
the

the King, and the whole Royal Family, which raised the above gentleman's curiosity to see that gentleman's exhibition; and what made him more desirous of seeing the Doctor, the same gentleman, with a party of ladies, had been three nights there, but could not obtain any admittance, till some evening last week, the room being so much crowded each night; and as soon as Dr. Katterfeito began to shew some of his dextrous feats, the Welch gentleman swore that the Doctor was the *diawel!* *the diawel!* which is in English the devil! So one of the gentlemen present asked the Doctor what he had done with his black cat and kittens; the Doctor, to the great surprize of the whole company, conveyed immediately one of the kittens into the Welch gentleman's waistcoat pocket, at six yards distance, purposely to make that gentleman believe he was the devil; on finding the kitten in his waistcoat pocket, the above gentleman ran out of the room, and cried in the street, as well as in the exhibition room, that *the diawel! the diawel! was in London!* which caused a very great laughter to all the company, and that gentleman has not been with his friends in town since.

Bon Mot of the late Counsellor Clive.] It is no secret that the marriage of Mrs. Clive, the celebrated comedian, with the Counsellor of that name, was attended with continual jars and squabbles; which, according to public report, chiefly arose from the shrewish disposition of the lady. In a few months they parted, by mutual consent, to the great satisfaction of the hen-pecked Counsellor; who, upon his return, soon after to his chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, from the Western circuit, finding his washerwoman had pawned some of his linen in his absence, dispatched his footman to engage another person in that capacity, whose honesty might be depended upon. A laundress was soon found, and, on her waiting upon Mr. Clive, while his man was counting out the dirty cloaths to her, he made some enquiries, which occasioned the good woman to give him some account of the many respectable people she washed for; and after mentioning the satisfaction she had given to several Serjeants, Benchers, and other limbs of the law,

Sir, says she, *I also work for a namesake of your honour's.*
 — *A namesake of mine!* says the counsellor; *Yes, and please you, says she, and a mighty good sort of a woman too, that she be one of the player-folk.* — *Oh! what you wash for Mrs. Clive, the actress, do you?* — *Yes, indeed, Sir, and she is one of my best customers too.* — *Is she so,* replied the Counsellor, *Stop John! toss the cloaths back into the closet again.* — *Here, good woman,* says the counsellor, *I am sorry you had this trouble—here is half a crown for you; but you can never wash for me;—for I will be d—d if ever I suffer my shirt to be rubb'd against her shift any more as long as I live!*

A poor woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking fast into that worst of sickness, poverty. The doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip-box, with the following label:

These must be used as your necessities require, be patient, and of good heart.

He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his tribe of pupils could administer for his relief.

Lord Cornwallis, after a battle, found a grenadier sitting at the foot of a tree, wrapped up in a cloak, who very composedly said to him; 'Noble General, order these wounded men to be taken care of, as their lives may be still saved.' 'Well, but friend, said the officer, you have no thought about yourself?'—The grenadier answered with drawing up his cloak, and shewing both his thighs carried off in the middle.

A dragoon

A dragoon was shot in Dublin for desertion, and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away? To which he replied, *he ran away with him? What* (said the officer) *did you do with the money you sold him for? That, please your honour,* (said the fellow, with the utmost indifference) *ran away too.*

The late Duke of Ancafter, when Lord Lindsay, went into Lincolnshire to raise men for the service in America. During his stay in that county he so eminently distinguished himself by his generosity, and affability, that he gained the good-will, not only of all the gentry, but of every individual in the neighbourhood; so captivating was his manner among the lower rank of the people, that every day he made a fresh acquisition of recruits; among the rest, a country fellow, the only son of an old woman, from whose industry she derived her support, in imitation of the example of some of his companions, in the hour of gaily enlisted into the service: The report of it soon reached the ears of his mother, who next morning waited on his lordship, requesting a discharge for her son, representing to him her situation in the most lively colours, whilst the tears ran down her aged and furrowed cheeks. His lordship, with that tenderness peculiar to him, turned upon his heel to conceal his emotion; when he had recovered himself, he turned, took the poor woman by the hand, and taking five guineas from his pocket, gave them to her, saying, *Good woman, you are poor—take this—from this moment your son is discharged—for the King, my master, never wishes to recruit his forces by oppressing the widow or the helpless.*

A negro in the island of St. Christopher's, had so cruel a master, that he dreaded the sight of him. After exercising much tyranny among his slaves, the planter died, and left his son heir to his estates. Some short time after his death, a gentleman meeting the negro, asked him how his young master behaved?—'I suppose,' says he, 'he's a chip of the old block.' 'No, no,' says the negro, *Massa be all black himself.*

The mildness of Sir Isaac Newton's temper, through the course of his life, commanded admiration from all who knew him, but in no one instance perhaps more than the following:— Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond; and being one day called out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he had the mortification to find, that Diamond, having thrown down a lighted candle among some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years, was in flame, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, as Sir Isaac was then very far advanced in years, was irretrievable; yet, without once striking the dog, he only rebuked him with this exclamation, *'Oh! Diamond! Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!'*

The celebrated Lord Chesterfield held a considerable estate under the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and wanting to put in the life of the present Earl, the fine insisted upon was so very exorbitant as to ruffle his lordship's temper in a great degree, though he was obliged to acquiesce in their demands. When the writings were read, the lawyer carried them to his lordship, with the Dean and Chapter's compliments. Having signed them, 'Well (says the Earl) they sent their compliments to me, did they? Then return my compliments, but tell them at the same time, that in matters of business I would sooner deal with the Jewish synagogue.

The whimsical and immortal author of *Tristram Shandy* was married to Mrs. Sterne on a Saturday morning; his parishioners had timely information of this circumstance, and knowing he would preach the next morning at his parish church, and desirous at the same time of seeing the bride, they assembled in such crouds, that the church was full before the bell had done tolling. The bride, as was expected, made her appearance, and the country folks indulged themselves with the usual observations, till Sterne mounted the pulpit: here every eye was directed to him, and every ear ready to catch the words of his text, which turned out, to their astonishment,

nishment, to be the following; '*We have toiled all night, and have caught no fish:*' The congregation looked at each other, some smiled, others stopped their mouths with their handkerchiefs, to prevent them from laughing, while the old folks wore very serious faces, and thought the humourist a very odd sort of a man for a pulpit lecturer: however, they attended to his discourse which turned out, as usual, very instructive, and all went home highly delighted with the text, but poor Mrs. Sterne, who blushed down to her fingers-ends every step of the way to her house.

Sitting one evening at the Globe Tavern, Fleet-street, along with the late Dr. Goldsmith, who was a great novice in the common occurrences of life, he called for a mutton-chop, which was no sooner placed on the table, than a gentleman, with whom he was intimately acquainted, turned up his nose, and asked the Doctor how he could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him? 'Stinking?' says the Doctor, 'in good truth I don't smell it.' 'I never smelt any thing so disagreeable in my life, (says the gentleman) the rascal deserves a caning for being so heedless to bring you such carrion.' 'In good truth (says the poet) I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment.' He instantly called the waiter, and after persuading the poor fellow that the chop stunk worse than *assa-fœtida*, he insisted as a punishment, that he should set down and eat it himself. The waiter argued, but he might as well attempt to beat Charles Macklin out of an opinion; the Doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane, if he did not immediately comply with his punishment—When the waiter had swallowed half the chop, the Doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking, with his usual good-nature, it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful. When the waiter was done, Goldsmith's friend burst into a horse laugh. 'What in God's name ails you now?' says the poet. 'Indeed, my dear friend, I could never think that any man, whose knowledge of letters was so extensive as your's, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour; the chop

chop was as fine a one as I ever saw in my life.' 'Was it,' (says the doctor) 'then I shall never give credit to what you say again, and so, in good truth, I think I am even with you.'

A gentleman happening to turn up against a house to make water, did not see two young ladies looking out of a window close by, till he heard them giggling.—Then looking towards them, he asked, what made them so merry? 'O! Sir' said one of them, 'a *very little thing* will make us laugh.'

A woman being with child, her husband was carving a couple of coney's, and beginning with the flaps, his wife called to him, "Pray husband, give me a flap 'oth' coney?" What, says he, wife, before all the company?

An honest French Dragoon, in the service of Lewis XIV. having caught a fellow in bed with his wife, after some words, told him, he would let him escape for that time, but by G—, if ever he found him there again, he would throw *his bat* out of the window. Notwithstanding this terrible threat, in a very few days he caught the spark in the same place, and was as good as his word. Knowing what he had done, he poited away to a place, where he knew the King was to be, and throwing himself at his Majesty's feet, implored his pardon.—The King asked him, What his offence was? He told him how he had been abused, and that he had thrown the man's hat out of the window. Well, said the King, laughing, I very readily forgive you, considering your provocation, I think you were very much in the right to throw his hat out of the window. *Yes, yes, my Liege*, said the dragoon, *but his head was in it.* *Was it so!* replied the King. *Well, my word is past.*

An Irishman on board a man of war, was desired by his mess-mates to go down and draw a cann of beer: Teague, knowing that preparations were making to sail, absolutely refused. 'Arrah by my shoul (says he) and

and so while I am gone into the cellar to fetch beer, the ship will sail, and leave me behind.

A country farmer riding to a merry meeting on an easy horse, drank very plentifully till night came on, and his senses fled. At which one of the company resolved to pass a joke upon him, by persuading the rest to mount him on his horse with his face to the tail, and turning the horse loose, who very well knew the way home. So up they mounted him, away went the horse a foot pace, till the farmer fell fast asleep; and in an hour's time the horse was at home, and presently fell a neighing. At which his wife came with a candle in her hand, and seeing her husband in that condition, began to take on bitterly, and waking him, told him the greatness of his sins, &c. Upon which he rubs his eyes, and looking about, cries out in a great passion, *Pho, hold your tongue, woman, nothing vexes me so much, as that the plaguy rogues should cut my horse's head off.*

A country fellow being admitted to a gentleman's table, fell upon the artichokes; but not knowing what should be eaten, and which not, took a mouthful of the burrs, which almost choaked him: when one who sat next him, said, 'Friend, that dish is reserved for the last.' 'Truly (answered he, as well as he could) I am of your mind, for I think it will be *my last*.

Two English officers, after night's lodging in the Highlands, found themselves covered with vermin. One of them was very busy in taking off the slowest kind, which the other observing, cried out, 'Z—ds, what are you doing? Let us first secure the dragoons; we can take the foot at leisure.

A drunken fellow was brought before a justice, and what question soever the justice asked him, he still said, *Your lordship's wife*. Then he committed him till the next day; then sent for him again, and told him of his idle talking yesterday. 'Why, whatsoever I said to you, you still said, *Your Lordship's wife*, that I thought thou
wer't

wer't mad. ' Truly (says he) *if I said so, I think I was mad indeed.*

One soldier's wife call'd another a whore, upon which falling in a violent passion,—*Whore!* says she, clapping her hands, *you b——, you cannot say I ever went out of the regiment!*

A bailiff clapt a man on the shoulder, said, I arrest you Sir, for a horse (meaning for the money he owed for a horse) ' Why, replied the defendant, thou coxcomb, thou art not certainly such a fool as thou makest thyself? Pray look upon me again, what likeness can you see, that you take me for a horse?—Then tripping up his heels, said, *However I'll show you a horse trick; and after giving him two or three kicks, left him in the kennel, and so ran off.*

In a village in France, a poor woman fell into a lethargy. Her husband and those who were about her, believed she was dead; they covered her over with a piece of linen cloth, as is done to the poor people of that country, and ordered her to be carried to the burying-place. In going to the church, he who carried her went near to a thorn hedge, and the prickles of it scratching her, she recovered from her lethargy. Fourteen years after, she died in good earnest (at least it was thought so) as they carried her to the church yard, and came near to a hedge, her husband began to cry lustily, *Keep off the hedge, keep off the hedge.*

A woman once prosecuted a gentleman for a rape:—Upon the trial, the Judge asked her if she made any resistance? ' Yes, and please your reverence, I cry'd out. The Judge again enquired when it was she did so? to which the witness replied, Nine months after.

A country parson who had a great desire to disengage himself from a company of hungry gentlemen that came to his house, after he had told them, at first, that they were welcome, and made a show of sending his servants some of them to draw ale, and others to kill fowls; at the

the same time he took his surplice and prayer-book in his hand, and prepared himself to go abroad. Where are you going Mr. Parson? said the gentlemen. He answered, 'I'll return in a minute, for I must go, whilst the dinner is making ready, to pray by a poor man dying of the plague;' and upon saying this, went out immediately. Upon which those strangers were so frightened, that they ran away full drive, and fled as if *the plague had been at their heels.*

A shoemaker, who had a vote in the election for members of parliament, went constantly to a house of entertainment that was opened on the side of one of the candidates, where meat and liquor were very liberally furnished. When the election came on, Crispin gave his vote against the gentleman, on whose side he had all along eaten and drank; and being reproached for the baseness of his conduct, he burst into laughter, and said, *Ever whilst you live quarter upon the enemy; I say quarter upon the enemy.*

A woman of the town being carried before Justice —, was going to be committed to Bridewell; but stepping up to him, whispered in his ear, 'Your Worship was kinder to me at the Devil tavern the other night.' — 'Hum, says he, *was that your father? For his sake I'll forgive you this time; but pray take care for the future.* — And so dismissed her.

Killegrew, the famous jester to King Charles II. having been at Paris about some business, went from thence to Versailles, to see the French King's court, and being known to several of the courtiers who had been in England, one of them took occasion to tell the French King that Killegrew was one of the wittiest men in England. Upon which, the King desired to see him. But Killegrew, it seems, being out of humour, spoke but very little; and that so little to the purpose, that the French King told the Nobleman who had commended Killegrew, that he looked upon him as a very dull fellow. — The Nobleman, nevertheless, assured the King, that
(what-

(whatever he thought of him) Killegrew was very witty and ingenious. Whereupon, the King was resolved to make a farther trial; and took him into a gallery, where there were abundance of fine pictures; and, among the rest, shewed him the picture of Christ upon the Cross, and asked him if he knew who that was? Killegrew made himself very ignorant, and answered, No. Says the King, that is the picture of our Saviour on the Cross; that on the right side is the Pope's, and that on the left is my own. Whereupon Killegrew replied, 'I humbly thank your Majesty for the information you have given me; for *tho' I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, yet I never knew who they were before.*

An Englishman and a Scotchman coming in both together to an inn on the road, found nothing to be had but a piece of mutton and a chicken; so one would have the chicken, and another would have it, and began to quarrel. The landlady desired they would be pleased to eat it together; but Sawney, whose head was building castles in the air, said, it should be preserved till the morning; and he that dreamed the best dream should eat it for his breakfast. So eating the mutton for their supper, they went to bed. The Scotchman could not sleep one wink for thinking what he should dream. The Englishman observing where the chicken was set, arose in the night and eat it. The next morning when both were up, the Scotchman said very hastily, that he dreamed the bravest dream in the world, *That he saw the Heavens open, and that a choir of angels carried him up to St. Andrew in Heaven.* And said the Englishman, *I dream'd that I saw you carried up to Heaven; and thinking you would never come down again, I arose and eat the chicken. For I knew you would have no occasion for fowls there.*

Rabelais one day walking in the streets of Paris, had pressing occasion to go to a necessary-house; but not knowing any body in the street where he was taken, a thought came suddenly into his head, in order to relieve his present necessity, and at the same time to afford him

him matter of merriment. He went into an upholsterer's shop, just at hand, and asked him whether he sold close-stools? The man answered, yes, and immediately shewed him one. *Have you none handsomer than this?* says Rabelais, *shew me some covered genteelly with different coloured velvets.* While the shopkeeper went backwards to fetch them, Rabelais let down his breeches, and made use of that which was first brought to him. The Upholsterer returning with the others, and seeing him in such a posture, called out, *Sir, Sir, what are you about?* — *Only trying it* (answered Rabelais). Then putting up his breeches, he walked away, saying, *They will not do for me; they are all too low.*

Dean Swift standing one winter's day at the deanry window, saw a very poor and ancient woman sitting on the steps, shivering with cold. His footman happened to come to the door; when the poor creature besought him, in a piteous tone, to deliver a petition, which she held in her hand, to his reverence. The servant read it, and told her, with infinite scorn, his master had something else to mind than her petition. *What's that you say, fellow,* (said the Dean, looking out at the window) *come up here.* The man trembling obeyed him: He also desired the poor woman to come before him, made her sit down, and ordered her some bread and wine; after which he turned to the man and said. *At what time, Sir, did I order you to open a paper directed to me? or to refuse a letter from any one? Hark ye, firrah, you have been admonished by me for drunkenness, idling, and other faults; but since I have discovered your inhuman disposition, I must dismiss you from my service.—So pull off my cloaths—take your wages, and let me hear no more from you*—The fellow did so, and having vainly solicited a written discharge, (which is customarily given in Ireland, to servants, when dismissed from a place) was compelled to go to sea, where he continued five years; at the end of which time, finding that life far different from the ease and luxury of his former occupation, he returned, and humbly confessing, in a petition to the Dean, his former transgressions, and assuring him of his entire

entire reformation, which the dangers he had undergone at sea had happily wrought; he begged the Dean would give him some sort of a discharge.—Accordingly the Doctor called for a pen and ink, and gave him the following dismissal, with which he set out for London :

“ Whereas the bearer ——— served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunkard, I then discharged him as such ; but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter chuse to employ him.”

Deanry House,
Oct. 9, 1739.

J. SWIFT.

No man had a greater aversion to excess of ridiculous company than Dean Swift ; an instance of which we shall here relate. A lady of this turn having given the Dean an invitation to dinner, and as she had heard he was not easily pleased, she had taken a month to provide for it. When the time came, every delicacy which could be purchased the lady had prepared, even to profusion, (which Swift hated.) However, he was scarce seated, when she began to make a ceremonious harangue ; in which she told him, ‘ That she was sincerely sorry she had not a more tolerable dinner, since she was apprehensive there was not there any thing fit for him to eat ; in short, that it was a bad dinner.— *Pox take you* (said the Dean) *why did you not get a better ? Sure you had time enough ! But since you say it is so bad, I’ll e’en go home and eat a herring.* Accordingly he departed, and left her justly confused at her folly, which had spoilt all the pains and expence she had been at.

A man having been at very high words with his wife, said in his passion, he would never bed with her again ; but not being possessed of two beds, he fixed a board in the middle of that one they had, to make a separation.— In this state they continued some time, till one night, as both laid awake, wishing for a reconciliation, but neither caring to make the first advances, the husband chanced

to sneeze; upon which his wife kindly said, *Heavens bless you, my dear.—Do you speak that from your heart?—* (returned he) *Indeed I do,* answered she. *Well, then,* says he, *take away the board!*

A gentleman, whose wife complained a little of his manhood, consented that she should make choice of any one, so that it was but one, to do family duty in his stead. She chose the coachman, a sturdy fellow; but by some accident the reverend Chaplain came to suspect the intrigue that was carrying on by his patron's lady, and was resolved to watch her waters: it was not long before he had an opportunity, by peeping through a key-hole, of being entirely confirmed in his suspicions; and being a very conscientious man, he thought it his duty to acquaint her husband with it. He told him he could not see him abused in so vile, so abominable a manner, without letting him know it. *Hush, Doctor,* said the gentleman, *the thing is a secret; I give my Coachman twenty pounds a year extraordinary for that very service.—Gad take me* (cried the conscientious parson) *Why would you not speak to me? I wou'd have done it for half the money, and have thank'd you too.*

A country maid riding to market, her mare stumbled in the middle of the market-place, and threw her topsyturvy, shewing all for nothing; but she receiving no harm by the fall, speedily got up again, and turning herself to the laughing people, said, *Sirs, did you ever see the like before?* 'Never but once,' said a country fellow, *and that was a black one.*

A taylor carrying in a bill to an apothecary, that was his customer, the apothecary was just going to eat a mess of broth for his breakfast, as the taylor came. So the apothecary told him he had no money at present for him, but if he would eat a mess of broth with him he should be welcome; for which the taylor thanked him. So he calls the maid to bring the taylor a mess. He eats them, and home he goes, and gets into his cutting-room and began to handle his sheers: but he had not been there

there past an hour and a half, but he had more occasion to use his bodkin than his sheers. So he calls up his wife, and as the pottage began to work with him, he fell to work with her, and having pleated her very well, as well as himself, with a kiss sent her down about her business, till further orders; in half an hour's time he calls her again, and so the third and fourth time; at last she asked him, how he came to be so? with that he up and told her, he asked the apothecary for money, but he told me he had no money, but he would give me a mess of pottage, which has wrought these wonderful effects upon me. *Oh, good husband,* said she, *it may be the Apothecary wants money. I prithee, my Cock, if thou lovest thine own dear wife, take all thy money out in broth, for it is of a wonderful operation.*

Although the infirmities of nature are not proper subjects to be made a jest of, yet when people take a great deal of pains to conceal what every body sees, there is nothing more ridiculous. Of this sort was old *Cross* the player, who being very deaf, did not care any body should know it. Honest Joe Miller, going with a friend one day along Fleet-street, and seeing old *Cross* on the other side of the way, told his acquaintance he should see some sport; so beckoning to *Cross* with his finger, and stretching open his mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he halloo'd to him, tho' he said nothing, the old fellow came puffing from the other side of the way, *What a pox* said he, *do you make such a noise for? Do you think one can't hear?*

A certain poet and player, remarkable for his impudence and cowardice, happening many years ago to have a quarrel with Mr. Powell, another player, received from him a smart box on the ear; a few days after, the poetical player having lost his snuff-box, was making strict enquiry if any body had seen his box. *What,* said another of the theatrical punsters, *That which George Powell gave you t'other night!*

An Irishman having a looking-glass in his hand, shut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another asking him,

him, why he did so? *Upon my shoul, says Teague, it is to see how I look when I am asleep.*

Pope having been lighted home by a link-boy, offered to give something less than he expected; upon which he demanded more; Pope protested that he had no more half-pence left; repeating a term familiar to him, when a little vexed, 'God mend me!' The boy finding that nothing was to be got, went away muttering loud enough to be overheard, 'God mend me, God mend me, quotha! Five hundred such as I might be made before one such a crooked son of a bitch as you could be mended!' Pope, on this, called him back, and gave him half a crown as a reward for his wit.

Some ladies having a petition to present to the Speaker of the House of Commons, waited at the door for his going in; at last the croud grew so great, that there was hardly any passing by; which one of the messengers seeing, cried out aloud, 'Ladies, pray fall back, and open to the right and left, that the members may go in.'

A Quaker lodging at an inn, the house being full, a damning blade came up into his room, and would have hector'd him out; but he told him 'twas his room, and by yea and nay, he should not come there. The hector then began to thunder out his oaths, and to strike him; but the Quaker, being a stout fellow, returned his blows double and treble, and at last kick'd him down stairs. With that, the master of the house sending the tapster to know the occasion of all that noise, he told him, 'twas nothing, but that *Yea, and nay* had kick'd *G—d damme* down stairs.

A young parson lost his way in a forest, and it being very cold and rainy, he happened upon a poor cottage, and desired any lodging or hay-loft to lye in, and some fire to dry him; the man told him, he and his wife had but one bed, and if he pleased to lie with them, he should be welcome. The parson thanked him, and kindly accepted

cepted of it. In the morning, the man rose to go to market, and meeting with some of his neighbours, he fell a laughing. They asked him what made him so merry about the mouth? 'Why, says he, I can but think how sham'd the parson will be when he awakes, to find himself left a bed with my wife!

A certain couple going to Dunmow, in Essex, to claim the flitch of bacon, which is to be given to every married pair, who can swear they have had no dispute, nor once repented their bargain in a year and a day. The steward, ready to deliver it, asked where they would put it? The husband produced a bag, and told him that.—That, said the steward, is not near big enough to hold it. So I told my wife, replied the good man, and I believe we have had a hundred words about it. *Ay*, said the steward, *but they were not such as will butter cabbage to eat with this bacon*, and so hung the flitch up again.

A ratling young fellow from London, putting into a country inn, seeing a plain rough-hewn farmer there; says he, you shall see me dumb-found that countryman; So going up to him, he gives his hat a twirl round, saying, 'There's half a crown for you countryman.' The former, after recovering a little from his surprize, reared his oaken towel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome drubs on the shoulder, saying, "I thank you for your kindness, friend, there's two shillings of your money again."

A trial for lands being pleaded before the Chancellor, the Counsel on both sides set forth their limitations in questions by the plat: and one Counsel pleaded, My Lord, we lye on this side; and the other said, My Lord, we lye on this side: 'Nay, says the Chancellor, if you lie on both sides, I'll believe neither of you.'

A virtuous lady being once in a musing vein, sat with her legs pretty wide; said her husband, sweetheart, your cabinet stands open. 'Say you so, said she, why don't you lock it then? for I am sure none keeps the key but yourself.'

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at ten-pence ; upon which the prosecutor cries out, *Ten-pence !* my lord, why the very fashion of it cost me five pounds. *Oh !* says his lordship, *we must not hang a man for fashion sake.*

An honest Jack Tar being at a Quaker's meeting, heard the friend that was holding forth speak with great emotion against the ill consequence of giving the lie in conversation, and therefore, he advised, when a man was telling a tale that was not consistent with truth or probability, to cry *twang*, which would not irritate passion as the lie would. Afterward digressing into the story of the great miracle of five thousand being fed with five loaves of bread, &c. he told them, that they were not such loaves as are used now, but were as big as a mountain ; at the hearing of which, the tar uttered with a loud voice, *twang !* What, says the Quaker, dost thou think I lie, friend ? No, says Jack, but I am thinking *how big the ovens were that baked them.*

A certain nobleman, who used to dangle after Miss Younge, and one night being behind the scenes, standing with his arms folded in the posture of a desponding lover, asked her with a sigh, what was a cure for love ? Your lordship, said she, *is the best* in the world.

A young lady of pretty high spirits, who was just entering into the marriage state, told her gallant, that she could never bring herself to say *obey*, and was resolved she would not. When the ceremony was performing, and she was to repeat that word, she was for mincing the matter, and cried, honour and *bey* ; nay, madam, said the parson, you must say *obey* ; I cannot say you are married if you do not speak the words as the office directs ; but still she would only say as she had done ; and the parson again reproving her, ' Let her alone, Doctor, says her husband, let her only say *bey* if she has a mind to it now, and I will make her cry *O* at night.

Jemmy Johnson being asked what wine he chiefly chused for his own drinking, answered, *that of other people's.*

Alderman K———n one day seeing his footman with an old greasy hat, slouching over his shoulders, Sirrah, says the alderman, who gave you that cuckold's hat? *Indeed Sir, says John, it was my mistress gave it me, and told me it was one of yours.*

A Scotch member of parliament, of great wit and humour, coming to the Marquis of Rockingham's one morning, at the time of the great opposition between him and Lord North, told his lordship that he had some very bad news to acquaint him with. What's the matter? quoth the Marquis. Be me troth, quoth he, what I hae to tell you is very bawd on our feed. 'Prithee, says the Marquis, don't keep me any longer in suspense; what is it?' 'Don't you lordship ken that Sawney Wedderburn is bought over?' 'That's impossible, says the Marquis, for a stauncher man does not live than honest Sawney. But, what makes you think so?' 'Why, and please your lordship, I saw the other morning a five hundred pound bank note in his hand; and I am sure Sawney never brought that out of his own cuntry.'

At the Grosvenor trial in Westminster hall, a witness being produced that had an enamelled nose, counsellor Dunning thinking to daunt him, said, 'Now you are sworn, what can you say, with your copper nose?' 'Why, by the oath I have sworn, I would not change my copper nose for your brazen face.'

Two Irishmen coming to London from St. Alban's, one of them asked a man that was at work by the side of a road, How many miles it was to London; to which he replied twenty; one of the Irishmen said, we shall not reach London to-night: 'pho, says the other, come along, it is but ten miles a piece.

A young

A young lady, who being lately married, on seeing her husband about to rise pretty early in the morning, said, my dear, what are you getting up already? pray lye a little longer, and rest yourself. 'No, my dear, I'll get up and rest myself.'

A country fellow subpoenaed for a witness upon a trial on an action for defamation; he being sworn, the judge bade him repeat the very same words he had heard spoken: The fellow was loth to speak, and humm'd and haw'd for a good space; but being urged by the judge, he at last spoke. 'My lord, said he, *you're a cuckold.*—' The judge seeing the people begin to laugh, called to him, and bad him speak to the jury, *there were twelve of them.*

A young fellow in the country, after having an affair with a girl in the neighbourhood, cried, 'What shall we do, Bess, if you prove with child?' 'Oh! very well, said she, *for I am to be married to-morrow.*

A young fellow riding down a steep hill, and doubting the foot of it was boggish, call'd out to a clown that was ditching, and ask'd him if it was hard at the bottom? Aye, answered the countryman, it is hard enough at the bottom, I'll warrant you.' But in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle skirts, which made the young gallant whip, spur, curse, and swear. 'Why thou whoreson rascal, said he to the ditcher, didst thou not tell me it was hard at the bottom?' 'Aye, replied the other, *but you are not half way to the bottom yet.*

A Westminster justice taking coach in the city, and being set down at Spring Garden Coffee-house, Charing Cross, the driver demanded eighteen-pence as his fare. The justice ask'd him, if he would swear that the ground came to the money. The man said, 'He would take his oath on't.' The justice replied, 'Friend, I'm a magistrate;' and pulling the book out of his pocket, administered the oath, and then gave the fellow his six-pence, saying, 'He must reserve the shilling to himself for the affidavit.'

Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter, and the late Dr. Ratcliffe, had a garden in common, but with one gate: Sir Godfrey, upon some occasion, ordered the gate to be nail'd. When the Doctor heard of it, he said, he did not care what Sir Godfrey did to the gate, so he did not paint it. This being told Sir Godfrey, *'Well, replied he, I can take that, or any thing else but physic, from my good friend Dr. Ratcliffe.*

A worthy old gentleman in the country having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, he was greatly surprized on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected; the *honest* attorney assured him, that there was no article in his bill *but what was fair and reasonable.* 'Nay, said the country gentleman, there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and fourpence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way; pray what is the meaning of that, Sir?—' *Oh! Sir,* said he, *that was for fetching the turkey and chine from the carrier's that you sent me for a present out of the country.*

A great deal of company being at dinner at a gentleman's house, where a silver spoon was laid at the side of every plate, one of the company watching for a convenient opportunity, as he thought, slid one of them into his pocket; but being observed more narrowly than he was aware of, the gentleman who sat opposite to him, took up another, and stuck it in the button hole of his bosom; which the master of the house perceiving, ask'd him in good humour, What was his fancy for that? *Why,* said he, *I thought every man was to have one, because I saw that gentleman, over against me, put one into his pocket.*

A country fellow getting into a gentleman's orchard one night, with the design of robbing a mulberry-tree, had not been long in it, before one of the men and one
of

of the maids came just under the place where he was, which made him lay as snug as he could, 'till the business they came about was over; when the chambermaid began to give vent to those fears which the fury of her appetite would not admit into her thoughts before. *Lord, John,* said she, *now you have had your filthy will, what if I should prove with child, who will take care of it?* — *There is one above,* replied John, *I hope will provide for it.* — *Is there so,* said the countryman, *but I'd have you to know, that if I provide for any body's bastards, it shall be for one of my own begetting.*

Captain Faulkner, who, for his courage in a former engagement, where he had lost his leg, had been preferred to the command of a good ship; in the heat of the next engagement, a cannon-ball took off his wooden deputy, so that he fell upon the deck. A seaman thinking he had been fresh wounded, called out for a surgeon. *No, no,* said the captain, *the carpenter will do.*

The late Sir Robert Henley, having received a commission, constituting him Captain of the *Eleanor* fireship, was the same evening passing home to his lodgings, when a fine madam meeting him in the street, earnestly intreated the favor of a glass of wine; the baronet cursing her for a silly whore, said, *He was well content with one fireship in a day.*

A fellow and a wench being taken in comical circumstances in a pound, and brought before a justice of peace; but both avering their innocence, the justice called the wench aside, and promised her, if she would confess, she should go free for that fact: upon which she own'd the truth, and the fellow was sent to prison. But upon taking her leave, the justice called the wench back again, and asked her, What the fellow gave her? If it please your worship, *Half a crown.* Truly woman, answered he, *that does not please me; and though for the fact you have confessed, I have acquitted you, as I promised; yet I must commit you for such extortion, as taking half a crown in the pound.*

A beautiful young lady, but extremely fanciful and humorous, being on the point of resigning herself into the arms of her lover, began to enter on the conditions that she expected should be observed after the articles were signed and executed. Among the rest, says she, positively, I will lye in bed as long as I please in the morning. *With all my heart, madam,* says he, *provided I may get up when I please.*

When recruits were raising for the late wars, a serjeant told his captain, that he had got him a very extraordinary man. *Aye,* says the captain, *prithce what's he?* *A butcher, Sir,* replies the serjeant, *and your honour will have double service from him, for we had two sheep-stealers in the company before.*

An old fellow having a great itch after his neighbour's wife, employed her chambermaid in the business. At the next meeting he enquired what answer the lady had sent him? *Answer!* said the girl, *why she has sent you this for a token (giving him a smart slap in the face)* *Aye,* cry'd the old fellow, *rubbing his chaps, and you have lost none of it by the way: I thank you.*

A farmer who had a very great name in the country for his dexterity in many exercises, such as wrestling, throwing the bar, and the like, drew upon himself many occasions to try his skill, with such as came far and near to challenge him; among the rest, a conceited fellow rode a great way to visit this champion; and being told that he was in his ground behind the house, he alighted, and walked with his horse in his hand, till he came where he found him at work; so hanging his horse upon the pails, he accosted him thus; *That having heard much of his fame, he was come forty miles to try a fall with him.* The champion, without more words, came up to him, and closing with him, took him on such an advantageous lock, that he pitched him clear over the pails; so with a great deal of unconcern, took up his spade, and fell to work again; the fellow getting upon his legs again, as nimble as he could, call'd to speak to him.

him. ' *Well, says the champion, have you any thing more to say to me ?* ' *No, no* (replied the fellow) *only to desire you would be so kind as to throw my horse after me.*

An ingenious young gentleman, at the University of Oxford, being appointed to preach before the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of the colleges, at St. Mary's, and having formerly observed the drowsiness of the Vice-Chancellor, took this place of Scripture for his text, *What ! cannot ye watch one hour ?* at every division he concluded with his text; which by reason of the Vice-Chancellor sitting so near the pulpit, often awak'd him. This was so noted among the wits, that it was the talk of the whole University, and withall it did so nettle the Vice-Chancellor, that he complained to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who willing to redress him, sent for this scholar up to London, to defend himself against the crime laid to his charge; where coming, he gave so many proofs of his extraordinary wit, that the Archbishop enjoined him to preach before King James. After some excuses, he at length condescended; and coming into the pulpit, begins, *James the first and the sixth waver not*; meaning the first King of England, and the sixth of Scotland; at first the King was somewhat amazed at the text, but in the end was so well pleased with his sermon, that he made him one of his chaplains in ordinary: After this advancement, the Archbishop sent him down to Oxford, to make his recantation to the Vice-Chancellor, and to take leave of the University, which he accordingly did, and took the latter part of the verse of the former text, *Sleep on now and take your rest*. Concluding his sermon, he made his apology to the Vice-Chancellor, saying, *Whereas I said before*, which gave offence, *What ! cannot ye watch one hour ?* I say now, *Sleep on and take your rest*; and so left the University.

A gentleman falling to decay, shifted where he could; among the rest, he visited an old acquaintance, and stayed with him seven or eight days, in which time the man began to be weary of his guest, and to be rid of him,

feign'd a falling out with his wife, by which means their fare was slender : The gentleman perceiving their d-i-ist, but not knowing where to go to better himself, told them, *He had been there seven days, and had not seen any falling out betwixt them before ; and that he was resolv'd to stay seven weeks longer, but he would see them friends again.*

An ignorant clown, who had the reputation of being a great scholar in the country, because he could write and read, coming to London, and enquiring into all the strange things he saw, at last read on a sign-post *Here are horses to be lett.* 1748. *Jesu,* says he, *if there are so many horses in one inn, how many are there in the whole city ?*

A bridegroom, the first night he was in bed with his bride, said unto her, ' When I solicited thy chastity, hadst thou condescended, I would never have made thee my wife, for I did it only to try thee. *Faith,* said she, *I did imagine as much, but I had been cozened so three or four times before, and I was resolv'd to be fooled no more.*

The bishop of D——m had a slovenly custom of keeping one hand always in his breeches, and being one day to bring a bill into the House of Peers relating to a provision for officers widows, he came with the papers in one hand, and the other as usual, in his breeches ; and beginning to speak, ' I have something in my hand, my Lords, said he, for the benefit of the officers widows.' Upon which the Duke of Wharton immediately interrupting him, ask'd, *In which hand, my lord ?*

King Charles II. on a certain time paying a visit to Dr. Busby, the Doctor is said to have strutted thro' his school with his hat upon his head, while his Majesty walk'd complaisantly behind him, with his hat under his arm ; but, when he was taking his leave at the door, the Doctor, with great humility, thus address'd himself : *Sir, I hope your Majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto ;*

therto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them.

A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon lifted himself; returning again, he was asked by his friends, What exploits he had done there? he said, *That he had cut off one of the enemy's legs*; and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: *Oh!* said he, *you must know his head was cut off before.*

In a little country town, it happened that the 'squire of the parish's lady came to church after her lying-in, to return thanks to God, (or as it is commonly called) to be churched. The parson aiming to be complaisant, and thinking plain woman a little too familiar, instead of saying, *O Lord save this woman*, said, *O Lord save this lady*. The clerk resolving not to be behind hand with his master, answered, *Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee.*

Mr. Foote being at one of the French opera's at Paris, and seated in a box with a nobleman he was free with, who, as usual in France, sung louder than the performer, burst into bitter invectives against the last; upon which his lordship gave over, to enquire the reason, adding, that the person he exclaimed against so fiercely, was one of the finest voices they had. *Yes*, replies Foote, *but he makes such a horrid noise, that I can't have the pleasure to hear your lordship.*

A living of 500l. per annum, falling in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, Sir T—— R—— recommended one of his friends as very deserving of the benefice, whom his lordship approved of. In the interim, the curate, who had served the last incumbent many years for poor 30l. per annum, came up with a petition, signed by many of the inhabitants, testifying his good behaviour, setting forth that he had a wife and seven children to maintain, and begging his lordship would

stand his friend, that he might be continued in his curacy ; and, in consideration of his large family, if he could prevail with the next incumbent to add 10*l.* a year, he should for ever prevail. His lordship, according to his usual goodness, promised to use his utmost endeavours to serve him ; and the reverend gentleman, for whom the living was designed, coming soon after to pay his respects, my lord told him the affair of the curate, with this difference only, that he should allow him 60*l.* a year instead of 30*l.* The parson, in some confusion, replied, He was sorry he could not grant his request, for that he had promised the curacy to another, and could not go back from his word. — ‘ How ! (says my lord) have you promised the curacy before you was possessed of the living ? Well, to keep your word with your friend, if you please, I’ll give him the curacy, but the living, I assure you, I’ll give to another.’ And saying this, he left him. The next day the poor curate coming to know his destiny, my lord told him, that he had used his endeavours to serve him as to the curacy, but with no success, the reverend gentleman having disposed of it before. The curate, with a deep sigh, returned his lordship thanks for his goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my lord calling him back, said, with a smile, *Well, my friend, ’tis true I have it not in my power to give you the curacy ; but if you will accept of the living, ’tis at your service.* The curate, almost surprized to death with joy, in the most moving expressions of gratitude, returned his lordship thanks, whose goodness had in a moment raised him and his family from a necessitous condition, to a comfortable state of life.

The said noble lord, when he was under the tuition of the Reverend ———, who used to call him his little chancellor, one day replied, that when he was so he would give him a good living. One happening to fall soon after he was chancellor, he recollected his promise, and ordered the presentation to be filled up for his old master, who soon after came to his lordship to remind him of his promise, and to ask him for this living. ‘ Why really, said my lord, I wish you had come a day sooner, but I have

have given it away already, and when you see to whom, I dare say you will not think me to blame;' so putting the presentation into his hands, convinced him that he had not forgot his promise.

A country curate being one Friday in Lent to examine his young Catechumens, and the bell tolling for prayers, he was obliged to leave a game of All Fours unfinished, in which he had the advantage; but told his antagonist he would soon dispatch his audience, and see him out. — Now for fear any tricks should be played with the cards in his absence, he put them in his cassock; and asking one of the children how many commandments there were, which the boy not readily answering, by accident one of the cards dropped out of his sleeve; he had the presence of mind to bid the boy take it up, and tell him what card it was; which he readily did; and turning to the parents of the child, 'Are you not ashamed,' said he, 'to pay such little regard to the eternal welfare of your children, as not to teach them their commandments? — I suspected your neglect, and brought this card with me, to detect your immorality, in teaching your children to know their cards before their commandments.'

Dr. South being one morning visiting a gentleman, he was asked to stay dinner; which he accepting of, the gentleman steep'd in the next room, and told his wife he had invited the doctor to dinner, and desired her to provide something extraordinary for dinner. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and make a thousand words, 'till at last her husband, being very much provoked at her behaviour, protested, 'That if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors.' Upon which the doctor, who had heard all that had passed, immediately stepped out, crying, *I beg, Sir, you'll make no stranger of us.*

The Earl of Crawford, notwithstanding his great good nature, upon some provocation was, at a certain time, forced to lay his cane across the shoulders of Sir Harry —, who took it very patiently. Some time after

Sir Harry himself caned a fellow, who was a great coward : Upon which my lord meeting him the next day, told him, he was glad to hear he behaved so gallantly yesterday. ‘ Ay, my lord, said he, *You and I know our men.*

An honest highwayman, walking along Holborn, heard a voice cry, *Rogue, Scot ; Rogue, Scot ;* his northern blood fired at the intui, he drew his broad sword, and looking round him on every side, to discover the object of his indignation, at last he found that it came from a parrot, perched in a balcony within his reach ; but the generous *Scot*, disdaining to stain his trusty blade with such ignoble blood, put up his sword again, with a sour smile, saying, *Gin ye you we’re a mon, as ye’re a green goose, I wou’d split your weem.*

A French courtier, who was a little suspected of imbecility, one day meeting the poet Benferand, who had often jeered him : ‘ Sir, said he, for all your silly jests, my wife was brought to-bed of a boy two days ago.’— ‘ Faith, replied Berenford, I never questioned your wife.’

It was a fine saying of my Lord Russel, who was beheaded in the reign of King Charles II. when on the scaffold, he delivered his watch to Dr. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury ; *Here, Sir, said he, take this, it shews time, I am going into eternity, and shall have no longer any need of it.*

An old woman, who had a very handsome daughter, had a great jealousy and fear, that one Mr. John Turner, a young fellow in the neighbourhood, had a great mind to be too busy with her ; and as she apprehended, watching them pretty narrowly, she caught them in the very fact upon the bed in the garret ; upon which she halloo’d out, with a dismal groan, *O ! John Turner ! John Turner !* ‘ No, I think mother, said he, *she lies very well already.*

A gen.

A gentleman living in Jamaica not long ago, had a wife not of the most agreeable humour in the world: however, as an indulgent husband, he had bought her a fine pad, which soon after gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman in the same neighbourhood, bless'd likewise with a termagant spouse, asked the widower, If he would sell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for it, and he would give him what he would for it. *No, said the other, I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure that I shan't marry again.*

A scholar of Dr. Busby's coming into a parlour where the doctor had laid a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and says aloud, 'I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it.'—The doctor being in the next room, overheard all that was said, and coming into the school, he ordered the boy who had eaten his grapes to be taken up, or, as they call'd it, hors'd upon another boy's back; but before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried out aloud as the delinquent had done: 'I publish the banns between my rod and this boy's breach, if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let them declare it.'—'I forbid the banns,' cry'd the boy; 'Why to,' said the Doctor. 'Because the parties *are not agree'd,*' reply'd the boy. Which answer so pleas'd the doctor, who lov'd to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be set down.

The celebrated Michael Angelo having received some insult from one of the Cardinals of Rome, in revenge painted a most striking likeness of his enemy, and placed him among the damned suffering the torments of hell.—The satire had its effect. It was the topic of general admiration and merriment. The Cardinal, stung with the bitterness of the caricature, complained to his Holiness. Pope Leo X. was too much the lover and patron of the fine arts, to gratify the Cardinal's desire; and he
therefore

therefore told him, he had it not in his power to punish the offender. 'If, said he, the insult had been laid in Heaven, on the earth, or even in Purgatory, I could, perhaps, have redressed you, for I have something to say in all those places, but I have no interest in hell.

Soon after the appearance of Mr. Garrick at the Theatre of Drury-lane, when he, by his astonishing powers, brought all the world to that Theatre, and Mr. Rich was playing his pantomimes at Covent Garden, to empty benches; the two gentlemen, Mr. Garrick and Mr. Rich, met one morning at the Bedford, they fell into conversation, and Mr. Garrick asked the Covent Garden manager, How much his house would hold when crowded with company. 'Why, master,' replies Mr. Rich, in as elegant a compliment as ever was given, 'I cannot tell, but if you will come and play Richard for one night, I shall be able to give you an account.'

When Lord Howe commanded on the American station, it was a regulation in the fleet, for the marine officers to keep watch with the lieutenants of the navy. His lordship once remarking at his table, that purfers, surgeons, and even chaplains, might occasionally be employed on that duty. A son of the church who was present, opposed the doctrine; 'What!' cries his lordship, 'cannot ye watch as well as pray!'

Some gentlemen being at a tavern together, for want of better diversion, one proposed play, but, said another of the company, I have fourteen good reasons against gaming. 'What are those?' said another. 'In the first place,' answered he, '*I have no money.*' 'Oh!' said the first, if you had four hundred reasons, you need not name another.

A worthy citizen, not far from Cheapside, who was himself a little stricken in years, having married a very pretty young wife, the journeyman, a brisk blade, fancying himself better able to please her than his master, had often solicited for the last favor; but she refusing,
tho'

tho' as he thought, but faintly ; his master having occasion to go into the country for a few days, he thought that might be a proper opportunity to accomplish his design ; so taking the time when his mistress was in the kitchen by herself, the maid being gone out of the way on some errand, he told her that night he would steal softly into her chamber, when she was in bed. ' If you do, said she, beware of yourself, for I will take this great kitchen knife up with me into my bed-chamber.

— At night the spark opened the door very gently, but, remembering the knife, was afraid to go forward. She hearing him, ask'd who was there ? ' 'Tis I, answered the journeyman, and was resolved to come to bed to you, but that I remembered the great knife.' *Oh ! what a silly jade was I,* said she, *to leave the knife in the kitchen.*

A gentleman having a very pretty woman to his wife, in a certain country place, could not forbear being a little jealous of her having too great an intimacy with, or at least casting too favourable an eye upon, a young Captain in the neighbourhood ; and being obliged to go a journey from home, for two or three days, his head ran so upon the Captain and his wife, that after he was got four or five miles, the roughest and dirtiest part of the whole way, he calls to his man, and orders him to go back to his wife, and tell her, ' That for some particular reasons, he desired she would not see the Captain in his absence.' The man was very much displeased at being sent back again through the dirt on such an idle errand ; and having a little more discernment than his master, knew, that forbidding a woman to do a thing, was oftentimes the readiest way to egg her on to it, resolved not to carry the message : But when he came home, and his lady with great surprize asked him the reason of his return so soon, and if his master was come to any hurt ? He answered her, ' No, but that he had sent him back with a very odd message to her, he could not imagine the meaning of it : He desires, said he, madam, of all love and kindness, that you will not ride upon our great dog, Ball, during his absence.'—*Ride upon*

upon Ball, cried she, ' the man's mad, sure ! Well, well, you may tell him, I shall hardly disobey his commands.'

— But the man was no sooner out of sight, but she calls to her maid, and tells her of the ridiculous orders her husband had sent her ; and that Harry came back four or five miles upon no other account ; ' For my part, continued she, such a thing would never have come into my head, if he had not taken such pains to have put it there ; and now, methinks, I long to ride upon Ball.— Do you think he can carry me, Betty ? I shall never be easy till I try.

The maid, who was always ready to assist her mistress in any thing, to gratify her inclinations, told her, she would go and bring the dog to her, and that she verily believed he could carry her.

Ball being brought forth, and his mistress mounted on his back, began to curvet and prance round the hall, but unfortunately threw his rider with her head against the frame of the great old-fashioned table, which gave her such a cut in her forehead, that she was obliged to have it plaistered and bound up with a linen cloth, which she could not get well enough to leave off before her husband returned, who enquiring with much concern into the occasion of it. *Why, what did you send me word, by Harry* (said she) *that I should not ride upon Ball ?* The man standing close by his master, (on his master appearing angry) whispered in his ear, *Better so, Sir, than worse.*

Tom Selby, the organist of St. Sepulchre's, being reckoned to have a fine finger, drew many people to hear him, whom he would oftentimes entertain with a voluntary after evening service ; and his auditory seeming one day greatly delighted with his performance, after the church was cleared. *Adad, Sir,* said his organ blower, *I think we did rarely to-day.* *We, firrah,* said Tom, *Ay, we, to be sure,* answered the other, *what would you have done without me ?* The next Sunday Tom sitting down to play, could not make his organ speak, whereupon calling to the bellows-blower, asked him what he meant ? why he did not blow ? *Shall it be we then ?* said the other. Which Tom was forced to consent to, or there had been no music.

The

The new ninety-gun ship the *Atlas*, that was lately launched at Chatham, had at her head the figure of *Atlas* supporting the globe. By an error of the builder, the globe was placed so high, that part of it was obliged to be cut away before the bowsprit could be fitted in.— This part happened to be no other than all North America; and what was more remarkable, the person who was ordered to take the hatchet and slice it off, was an American.

Sir S. C. waiting on Oliver Cromwell the Protector, with an address, and being rather a bulky man, had some difficulty in rising after kissing his Highness's hand, and in the attempt, a pretty loud *erepetus* exploded. 'How now, cries the Protector, do you, Sir, in my presence, dare to release prisoners?' 'No, please your highness, replies the Knight, it was an impudent rascal that escaped thro' the postern.'

Swift, Arbuthnot, and Parnell, who were all contemporaries and intimates of Lord Bathurst, took the advantage of a fine frosty morning to walk down to a little place his Lordship had, about eleven miles from town.— When they were about half way, Swift, who was remarkable for being an old traveller, and getting the best room and warmest bed, pretended he did not like their pace, and said he would walk on before, and inform his lordship of the journey. This they agreed to, but he was no sooner out of sight than they, judging his errand, sent off a horseman by a bye way, to inform his lordship of the particulars. The man got there time enough to deliver his message, when his lordship recollecting Swift never had the small-pox, thought of the following device. When he saw him coming up the avenue, he ran out to meet him, expressing his happiness at seeing him, but was mortified at one circumstance, as it must deprive him of the pleasure of his company, and that was, that a raging small-pox was in the house, but begged he would accept such accommodations as a little house at the bottom of the avenue would afford. Swift was necessitated to comply, and in this lonesome situation

situation, afraid to speak to any one around him, he was served with dinner. In the evening, however, the wits thought proper to release him, by going down in a body to inform him of the deception, and that the fifth best room and bed in the house were at his service. Swift, however he might be inwardly mortified, thought it his interest to join in the laugh: when they all adjourned to the mansion-house, and spent the evening in that manner that can be very well conceived by those who were in the least acquainted with the brilliancy of their characters.

A few years since Mr. Stevens, who was for many years grave-digger at St. James's Church, being on an examination in the Court of King's Bench, in a parish suit, Lord Mansfield demanded of him, previous to other questions, his name, and profession? 'Why and please your honour (says he) my name is Will Stevens, and I am a grave-digger, at your worship's service.'

An old gentleman, who used to frequent one of the medical coffee-houses in this city, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his health; accordingly he one day took an opportunity of a *tete-a-tete* in one of the boxes, to ask one of the faculty, as a friend, what he should take for such a particular complaint as he then laboured under. 'I'll tell you what you should take, replied the Doctor jeeringly; I think, Sir, you ought to take advice.'

Mons. Bouret, the famous Farmer General, a man of immense fortune, but stupid even to a proverb, being one day in the King's apartment at Versailles, called L'œuil de bœuf, where two noblemen were engaged in a party at piquet; one of them happening to play the wrong card, and by that lost the game, he exclaimed, — 'Oh! what a Bouret am I!' Offended at this liberty, Bouret instantly resented it in these words, 'Sir, you are an *as*.' — The very thing I meant, replied the other, with a *sang froid* that gave the epigram its full poignancy.

A young performer on the French stage, who had all the grand requisites of the mind to the performing a masterly play; who had sensibility, fire, and an excellent understanding; but, with all these, a figure very ill made for representing a hero, would attempt the character of Mithridates; he played it in such a manner that his auditors would have been charmed with him, if they had been blind; but, unluckily, in spite of all his merit, the disagreeableness of his person prejudiced the whole house against him. In one of the scenes, where a Princess who is with him, perceiving some uncommon emotion in his face, tells him, 'You change countenance;' a pleasant fellow cried out, 'O! let him, let him by all means.' In a moment all the merit of the actor was lost and buried, and the audience thought of nothing, during the remainder of the performance, but of the disproportion between his person and the character he represented.

A Turkish Emperor was desirous of seeing Flanders on a map of Europe, as it had been the theatre of so many wars among the Christians; he was surprized to see the contemptible figure it there made. "Is this the pitiful place, says the emperor, which has made such a noise? If it had been my affair, I would have soon terminated their disputes, by sending a few score of pioneers who should have thrown the whole country into the sea."

P. Hein, a Dutchman, from a cabin boy rose to the rank of an admiral. He was killed in an action at the moment his fleet triumphed over that of the Spaniards. — Their High Mightinesses sent a deputation to his mother at Delft, to condole with her on the loss of her son. This simple old woman, who had still remained in her original obscurity, answered the deputies, 'I always foretold, that Peter would perish like a miserable wretch that he was; he loved nothing but rambling from one country to another, and now he has received the reward of his folly.'

When

When Francis I. was conducted prisoner to Madrid, a Spanish grenadier made his way through the crowd, and presented the captive knight with a gilded ball. 'Sire, says he, I had cast this ball in order to have killed you, for a life like your's ought not to have been ended without some particular distinction: I had however no opportunity for using it, and therefore I take the liberty to offer it to your Majesty as a present.' The monarch received it with a smile, and ordered that he might be immediately recompensed.

Dryden's translation of Virgil being commended by a right reverend bishop, a wit said, 'The original is indeed excellent, but every thing suffers by a *translation*, except a *bishop*.'

A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name; being informed it was *Ruffel*, 'Pray, (says the gentleman) is *your coat of arms* the same as the Duke of Bedford's?' 'As to *our arms*, your honour,' says the porter, 'I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a damned deal of difference between *our coats*.'

A physician went lately to see a sick patient, and was told by the servant that she had just expired. 'Your lady may be apparently dead, said the doctor, yet not actually so.' He alighted from his carriage, and went up stairs, where he found his patient really dead, with the customary fee in the palm of her hand, and taking it, 'I see, said the doctor, (with much seriousness) the poor lady expected me; God rest her soul.'

A gentleman at the Westend of the town dining lately at his own house with a friend, on some cold roast mutton, and a couple of rabbits, was accosted after dinner by his servant, in the following manner: 'Please, Sir, to order the cook to hash the mutton for our dinner, *for I cannot eat cold meat*.' His master bid him not to be impertinent before company, and he should take another oppor-

opportunity of speaking to him ; however, the man persisting in his request, the gentleman turned him out of the room. The next morning the master called him before him, and told him to provide himself with a place. ' Do you really mean I should leave you then ? ' said the man. Certainly, replied the gentleman. ' I'll expose you then, (quoth the servant) to the whole neighbourhood, how you use us ; a man may make a shift to eat *sold meat when he is out of place*, (says the fellow) but I am determined my master, whoever he be, shall always provide me with *hot dinners*.'

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the *Pallais*, a place in Paris somewhat like what our Exchanges formerly were, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's there, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him : the gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of these times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels ; upon which the thief, for such he was, began to have a design ; and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, on purpose to give him an opportunity : the thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags ; the gentleman immediately perceived it, and slyly drowing out of his pocket a penknife, which cut like a razor, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close from his head. ' Murder ! murder ! ' (cries the thief) ' Robbery ! robbery ! ' (cries the gentleman) upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, cried, *There are your tags and buttons.* ' Very well, (says the gentleman, throwing it back in the like manner) *There is your ear.*'

Old Taswell, the comedian, having a dispute in the green room with Mrs. Clive the actress, ' Madam, says he, I have heard of tartars and brimstones, but, by G—, you are *the Cream of the one, and the Flower of the other.*'

Some

Some years ago the late Colley Cibber dined at a great man's house. Five things were placed on table in silver dishes, and silver covers to each; when the company were called from the study to dinner, which consisted of the gentleman of the house, a hungry Scotch author, a captain of a ship, and Colley. As soon as they came to the table, each dish was uncovered by a fine gentleman in a laced waistcoat and ruffles, and given to five footmen to carry off; and, to their great surprize, consisted of, at top a silver dish with seven veal chops, broiled off a neck of veal; at bottom, six Yarmouth dried herrings (broiled) in a silver dish; on one side a silver dish with boil'd spinnage, and five poached eggs; on the other side a silver dish, with nine boiled white potatoes; in the middle a silver dish, mounted on a silver stand, with some potted char.—It being Christmas time, Colley only eat one chop and a little char, expecting the second course something more substantial; when, all on a sudden, (as soon as they had got down each a chop) the gentleman cried out, *Do any of you love toasted cheese?*—As none of them had dined, they all cried 'Yes.' Immediately a fine silver cheese-toaster, in a silver pan, was brought in with the toasted cheese.—Then the master of the house, who had all dinner-time drank port wine and water, drank the King's health in a bumper, which was pledged by all the company; then another toast was drank, which finished that only bottle they had; when he cried out, *Bring in the tea*; and bid the coachman have the chariot at the door at six; which was genteelly bidding them go off by that time, which they did; yet, as they passed thro' the hall, five fellows with ruffles had the impudence to stand open sisted to be touched; but Colley cocked his hat, and taking the Scotch author with him; 'Gentlemen, (said he, in my lord's hearing) *I am going to dine at the Cardigan Head, and shall pay for my dianer there.*'

His late Majesty, at a review of his Horse Guards, asked Mons. de Buffly, the French Ambassador, if he thought the King of France had better troops? 'Oh, yes, Sir, (replied the ambassador) 'The King of France has

has his Gen-d'armes, which are reckoned the best troops in the world. Did your Majesty never see them ?' The King answered, ' No.' Upon which General Campbell, Colonel of the Scotch Greys, (who lost his life in the battle of Fontenoy, and who was then within hearing, steps up and says, ' though your Majesty has not seen these troops his Excellency speaks of, I have seen them, and have cut my way through them twice ; and make no doubt of doing the same again, whenever your Majesty shall think it proper to command me.

A country gentleman of no great breeding, happened to have a little greyhound bitch with him, one day when he paid a visit to a lady, to whom he made his addresses. ' Dear me, cried the lady, what a pretty dog this is !'— Madam, said he, 'tis not a dog ; 'tis one of your own sex.

' You are mad,' said a very filly fellow to one of his acquaintance, ' for you are often talking to yourself.'— ' If talking to one's self be a proof of madness, (said the other) there is no one more mad than you ; since nobody gives attention to any thing you say.'

A fellow, who had picked up a few scraps of the French tongue, and was entirely ignorant of the Latin, accosted a gentleman with *Quelle heure est-il Monsieur ?* (In French, *What is it o'clock, Sir ?*)— To which the gentleman answered *Nescio*, (in Latin, *I don't know*)— ' Damn it (said the fellow) *I did not think it was near so late ;*' and ran off, as though he had something of consequence to do.

Mr. Foote, the late Will Collins, and one or two of their acquaintances, went once to hear Orator Henley, one of whose subjects for that evening was a fellow, who had been lately hanged at Tyburn. While he was haranguing hereupon, these sparks took it into their heads to groan : Upon which Henley stops short. ' Gentlemen, says he, *you have a right to groan : for I make no doubt the deceased was one of your near relations.*

Three

Three sailors having drank pretty freely on board their ship in the River, hail'd a boat to carry them on shore at Greenwich, and in order to regale themselves at Bet Simpson's with a cann of grog, had provided a bottle of brandy for that purpose; but the waterman happening to run foul of a bawser, nearly overfet the boat; when one of them fell overboard, and was not perceived for some time; when one of them looking round, and perceiving Tom in the water, said, 'Hip, Will, look out, Tom has fell overboard.'— 'Is he, by G—, (replies the other) 'D—n his blood *he's got the brandy bottle with him!*— 'Ay, replies the other, *he's gone to Bet Simpson's with it*— And then bid the waterman bear a-head.

A recruiting serjeant happening to be at a public house in the Borough, enlisted several recruits; and being very joyful and merry, another person present seemed to enjoy the fun, and being asked by one of the recruits if he would go for a soldier? answered, he would, if they would give him some money to drink.—To which the Serjeant replied, yes, and immediately gave him half a crown; which when he had got, begged leave just to go and see one or two of his acquaintances, and he would return immediately, which was granted. When going to a neighbouring public house, meets with two soldiers drinking, and tapping one on the shoulder, told him, if he would go with him he would give him plenty of beer, and on giving him a shilling, he accepted the offer. When returning to the Serjeant, said, 'I told you I would go for a soldier; see, I have been as good as my word,' and immediately left the room, to the no small entertainment of the company.

A blind fidler, playing in a company, and playing feurvily, the people laughed at him. His boy that led him perceived it, cried, 'Father, let us be gone, they do nothing but laugh at us.' 'Hold thy peace boy, said the fidler, 'we shall be paid presently, and then we'll laugh at them.'

F I N I S.